

THE  
GENTILE SINNER,  
OR  
*England's Brave*  
GENTLEMAN

Character'd  
*In a Letter to a Friend:*  
Both  
*As he is, and as he should be.*

---

By CLEM: ELLIS, M. A. late Fel-  
low of Qu. Coll. Oxon.

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*The Sixth Edition,*

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1 COR. 1. 26. *Not many Noble are called.*

— Sanctus haberi  
Justitiaeque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?  
Agnosco procerem. *Juv. Sat. 8.*

---

*a* OXFORD, *o*  
*x*

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TO THE  
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,

My Honoured Friends,

Sr. PHILIP MUSGRAVE,

Knight and Baronet;

AND

Sr. GEORGE BENNION, Kt.

The Author wishes all Grace, Health, and  
Honour here, and Happiness hereafter.

Right VVorshipful,



YOU who have been  
so long time sharers  
both in the same  
great Virtues, and, for them,  
in the same great Sufferings: be  
pleased too, to share in this  
small tribute, for which I

A 2

have

## The Epistle

I have been long indebted to your Goodnesse. Your Names, I confess, are either of them too great to stand in the front of so inconsiderable a paper as this, wherewith I here present you; and might make a suitable *Frontispeice* to some far more excellent Tract. Whatever this be, which begs your Candid acceptance, it may perhaps *need*, but I fear it *deserves* not, I am sure it does not now come abroad to *seek* a Patron. The reason why I address it to you, is an ambition I have, to bring the world better acquainted with so great a part of its own *Treasure*: and to make it know, there

### Dedicatory.

there be yet (after all these  
*dreining times*) some such Wor-  
thy persons as *your selves*; whom  
even they, who are (to a *Chri-  
stian stoicism*) enemies to the  
present *world*, dare both love and  
honour. Were it my business to  
seek out an *instance* of the genu-  
ine, or a *pattern* whereby to cor-  
rect the *spurious* and degenerate  
Gentleman, I should despair to  
fit my selfe better, then I may in  
*you*: in whom, after so many kil-  
ling afflictions, the World may  
yet behold a true Religion, and  
Loyalty surviving your fortunes.  
I might well fear, should the  
Reader know you as well as I,  
his expectation by the view of  
A 3 your

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

your prefixed Names, would be raised too much above the contents of the following Letter: and therefore I shall, no less out of *Charity* to mine own *Infirmities*, then from a due *Reverence* to that known *Modesty*, which crowns your many other noted *Vertues*, forbear any further to display your *merits*: onely this I would have the World to know, and do beg you to beleive, that I shall ever be industrious to manifest my selfe.

*Right Worshipful,*

*Yours*

*In all Christian Services,*

*C. E.*

To the READER.



*T*is Formality very much in fashion of late amongst writers, to complement the Reader, give him a view of his following Entertainment, in a large Preface to every little Pamphlet. I intend not to usher abroad this rude Letter in so great State, neither will I play the Gentleman so much as to tire out my Reader with feigned Apologies for that Course fare he is like to have anon. I am not without some of those Common Sanctuaries, wherein many writers can phancie themselves so secure from all Censure; but I dare not pretend to those I have not, and those I have I sleight. Reader, the plain truth is, the Letter is not now sent out, to prevent or decry any surreptitious Copy: neither meerly to satisfy the importunity of my friends: Nor yet am I willing so much to humour either thy curiosity, or the common Vanity, as to tell thee what inducements I had to this Publication:

## To the Reader.

*if what thou shalt here read, either concern thee or not, I am sure those cannot.*

*Perhaps thou art one of those, who may read their names and characters in the former part of the following Letter; if so, it would be time and pains ill lost to talk with thee now. If thou canst be so much the Master of thy Passion, as to read thy selfe over herein with Patience, and without either Oath or Curse, for the Paper or its Author; I shall begin to hope there may be yet a possibility of a return to thy self and to my God. Till then, what ever cause thou hast to carp at the Book, or revile the Author, I am bold to tell thee, I have much more to slight thy Speeches, and pittie thy Folly. I value as little thy Censure, as I have reason to envy thy conversation: I dread as much thine Applause, as I scorn thy Derision; and this I do no less then I abhor thy Life, or pray for thy Conversion.*

*When thou art willing to understand what may do thee good, it will be seasonable for me to say more, and tell thee, that if thou would'st be a Gentleman, there is a Book extant, which for that End, well deserves thy Study, and thy Practice. At present it is too noble a Jewill to be thrown to such a Swine.*

*If*

## To the Reader.

If the Courser and more homely Diet I here offer thee, may beget in thee ( though by loathing it ) a liking to that far richer Dish : It will be then enough for my Ambition, as it is now too much for my Hopes.

That most Singular piece of Impartial Truth, and unparallel'd Ingenuity; of most Cogent Reason, and Insinuating Rhetorick ; of most sage Advice, and Religious Instruction, which abundantly commends it selfe to thy serious perusall, and its Author ( were not his strange Modesty as much our Enemy, in Concealing his Name, as his Piety and Ingenuity our Friends, in discovering his worth ) to thy intimate acquaintance : It beares for its Title, what thou by thy Practise labourest to prove a Contradiction, **THE GENTLEMANS CALLING.** This Booke would Certainly teach thee to be, didst thou not think thy selfe too wise to learn, al that becomes a Christian Gentleman : as another Practicall piece which for its Excellency is rationally supposed the work of the same Pious and Ingenious hand, would make thee, if used aright, a Christian Man : I mean that Booke, the Title whereof speaks much, yet no more then the Contents do verifie, **THE WHOLE DUTY OF A MAN.**



## To the Reader.

**M A N.** Read these two soberly, and practise them constantly, and, though thou burn'st this paper thou shalt never persuade me, not to think thee a Man, a Gentleman, and a Christian. But if in some or other of thy Mad Moods, thou shalt rage and foam against what here I send thee, play the Critick upon it amidst thy Pots, or make it thy sport and merriment amongst those who cannot think themselves men except they be Frolick and Jolly: the Paper may suffer, and thou may'st spit in my face; but know, I have a Christian name, thou can'st not stain: and a Charitable Intention, thou can'st as little violate, as thou hast hitherto deserved it.

But if (Sir) you be one of those brave souls, whose Merits are above their Names; whose Honours are not dumb Idols, neither their Vertues shadows; and yet vouchsafe to cast an eye upon this flat and unstudy'd piece of meer Obedience: Your Candor will save me the customary Ceremony of a long Apology; seeing I am assured you can sooner pardon an Hundred faults, then the other find one: your Goodness by a constant practise of all vertues being as much augmented, as his Judgment by an Endlesse succession of most sottish debaucheries is daily Impaired.

Who

## To the Reader.

Whosoever you be, who chance to hit upon this paper; let it suffice you to know, that it is but a Letter, and that, an Imperfect birth after a Fortnight's labour. It had never ventured so far abroad, had not better eyes than the Author's directed it forth. The best on't is, Censures I regard not, Frowns I fear not, Criticismes I smile at, and Derisions I laugh at. The Stile ('tis true) is rough; I had rather be told of it, then lose so much time as to smooth it: Many things are Blunt and Flat; It is my Humour, often to prefer a plain truth, before a Witty Phaney: The Phrase in many places is tart and provoking; I hope it will appear in all my Actions, that I study not to please, but profit. Reader, Call me what thou wilt, Stoick, or Fool, or Clown, or Madman, I am willing, with all my heart, to seem any, or all of these to reform a Sinner. If in any place thou think'st I deale uncivilly with thee, give me leave to aske thee--where? If in the former part, What business hast thou there? Either thou art indeed a man there described: and then why art thou angry that I say the truth? Or else thou art one of the Better stamp; keep thee then in thine own place, and I am confident I shall do thee right. Art thou the  
true

## To the Reader.

True Gentleman? thou canst not so far mistake thy selfe, as to think the Characters of the False will fit thee: art thou the False? Thine own Confession quits me of the Scandall: And I hope thou wilt here find thy self so much in thine own colours, that thou wilt be so farre out of love with thy selfe, as to know the least commendation of thee could be no less then a flattery. If this little labour of mine may do thee good, it is therefore worthy of thine acceptance, and I bid thee heartily welcome: If thou seest nothing in it worth the reading, use thy freedome, I may lose my labour, neither thou nor I shall ever lose my Charity.

Instead of a longer Preface, I commend to thy reading the words of a Reverend Doctor, whose exemplary Piety, Learning, Judgment, Moderation, are sufficiently known to the greatest part of our English Nation.

Dr. SANDERSON in his Sermon  
on the 1 Cor. 7. 24.

As for our (meer or parcel) Gallants, who live in no settled course of life, but spend halfe the day in sleeping, half the night in Gaming, and the rest of  
their

## To the Reader.

their time in other pleasures and vanities, to as little purpose as they can devise; as if they were born for nothing else but to eat, and drink, & snort, and sport; who are spruce and trim as the *Lillies* (*Solomon in all his Royalty was not cloath'd like one of these*;) yet they neither sow, nor reap, nor carry into *Barn*; they neither labour, nor spin, nor do any thing else for the good of humane society: Let them know there is not the *poorest Contemptible Creature*, that cryeth *Oysters* and *Kitchenstuff* in the streets, but deserveth his bread better then they; and his course of life is of better esteem with God, and every sober wise man, than theirs. A *Horse*, that is neither good for the way, nor the cart, nor the race, nor the wars, nor any other service, let him be of never so good a breed, never so well marked and shaped, yet he is but a *Fade*: his Master setteth no store by him, thinketh his meat ill bestowed on him; every man will say, better knock him on the head than keep him; his skin, though not much worth, is yet better worth then the whole *beast* besides.

Consider this, you that are of *Noble* and *Generous* birth. Look upon the *Rock*, whence you were hewn, and to the pit whence you were digged. Search your *Pedigrees*; Collect the *Scattered Monuments* and *Histories*, of your *Ancestors*: and observe by what steps your worthy *Progenitors* raised their houses to the height of *Gentry* and *Nobility*, Scarce shall you find a man of them, that gave any accession, or brought any eminency to his house; but either serving in the *Camp*, or sweating at the *Bar*, or waiting at the *Court*, or adventuring on the *Sea* or trucking in his *Shop*, or some other way industriously bestirring

## To the Reader.

bestirring himself in some soiled *Calling*, and Course of life. You *usurp* their *Arms*, if you inherit not their *Virtues*, and those *Ensignes* of Honour and *Gentry* which they by industry achieved, sit no otherwise upon your shoulders, than as rich *trappings* upon *Asses backs*, which serve but to render the poor beast more ridiculous. If you by brutish sensuality, and spending your time in swinish luxury, *stain* the colours, and *embase* the *mentals* of those badges of your *Gentry* and *Nobility*, which you claim by descent: think when we *worship* or *honour* you, we do but *flout* you; and know, the *titles* we in *Courtesie* give you, we bestow upon their memories, whose degenerate off-spring you are; and whose *Armes* you unworthily bear; and they do no more belong to you, then the reverence the good man did to *Isis*; belong'd to the *Ass* that carry'd her *Image*.



The



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THE





THE  
GENTILE SINNER,  
OR,  
England's Brave Gentleman.

*Honoured Sir,*



Am very much indebted to  
Your most obliged *Good-*  
*ness*, for that great and un-  
deserved *Freedom*, you  
were pleased to allow me  
in our last *Discourse*: And I  
am so *Confident* to meet with the same  
*Goodness* still, that I shall not *fear* to express  
as great a *Boldness* in these following lines.

With *Gentlemen*, I very much love to  
be talking of *Gentlemen*; with him that is  
a *Gentleman* indeed; that in *his* language  
(for in *better*, I am sure, I cannot) I may  
learne how to shame his *Counterfeit*, and  
with *him* too, who has no more then the  
bare

bare *Name*, that I may thereby get an opportunity of proposing to him something better then *himselfe*, as a fit object of his *Love* and *Imitation*. I confesse I am often apt, more then well becomes me, in the presence of *Persons* of your *Quality*, to inveigh somewhat *Satyrically* against such as this *wanton Age* of the World loves to *miscall* by so good a name; which might give any man of lesse *Candor* and *Courtesie* then *Your selfe* (Sir) a just occasion of judging me more *Bold* then *Wise*. What your *resentments* were of my last *unponder'd* expressions, I know not; But if in any of them I gave *offence*, I dare hope you will make your late *Commands* pass for my *Sentence*, and let this *prosecution* of that too *Inconsiderate* discourse (I beseech you) serve for my *penance*.

You were pleased to require a Summary of my thoughts, concerning our *present English Gentlemen*, both to what he *is*, and what he *should be*. I must not tax you of *Indiscretion*, by telling you how *ill* you have placed your *Commands*; and therefore I shall rather choose to shew you your *Charitable mistake*, by my ready *Obediencce*, then  
by

by an *unseasonable modesty* seem to question your *judgment*: The task enjoyn'd me is in it selfe so *odious*, that nothing *less* then that *highest* respect I have for the worthy *imposer*, could make it *welcome*; and it carries so great a *disproportion* to my *weaker Faculties*, that nothing but too great an *affection* in you (Sir) could make it appear *possible*. To tell you, what the *Gentleman* is, requires an *experience*; and to say what he *should be*, must suppose a *Breeding* far above mine.

If by the *Gentleman*, you mean him whose *real virtues* are such as have indeed *merited* him the name: I could go a very *compendious* way to work, and shew you him in as fair a piece as *virtue* can *draw*, or the *World* *imitate*, by directing your eye to that object, which *best* deserves it: You must needs know *your self* too well, (Sir) to be *ignorant* whom I mean. But for the *other*, whom we then took the *boldness* to talk of, you cannot, I hope, imagine, that one so little acquainted with the present *Garbs* and *Modes* of the world, as without *blushing* I dare confesse my selfe to be, should be able to present you  
with

with his perfect *portraiture*.

To be short, Sir, You are too well acquainted with the *true Gentleman*, to think you shall ever read him any where better described than you find him *at home*: and I am too *little* acquainted with his *counterfeit*, to presume I may be able to give you an exact *Character* of him, till I use to go more, then I hope in haste I shall do, *abroad*. However, I had rather betray my *Ignorance* of what I could never yet esteem well worth my knowledge, then the least *disrespect* to a *Person*, whose long experienced *Goodness* hath abundantly merited the best of my *services*. Such a prospect therefore as I could have of him, whilst *immured* up within the narrow compass of a *Darke Study*, I shall make bold to lay open before your eye; and, in as plain *English* as I can, tell you what I think both of the *Man* and his *shadow*.

But before I begin to describe him; I find it necessary for me to premise unto you this *cautious request*. That you would be pleased to believe I do not make, nor take pleasure to see, those wounds, which you have perswaded me to uncover; for

*The Gentile Sinner.*

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I cannot but foresee too many of them, through *Imprudence* and *Negligence*, so altogether *feaster'd* and *Nauseous*, that as they will try your *patience* to behold them, so will they even *dare* your *faith* to believe them: and this I shall further beg of you, that seeing to serve you I am *forced* to take the *Libertie* of a more open, and sometimes *biting* expression; you would not debar me of the *Priviledge* of an *Impartiall*, yet *friendly*, *Censurer*; one who had much rather lose a *friend*, then *tolerate* a *fault*: Or the *beneficial Severitie* of a *Faithfull Chirurgion*, who is allow'd often to make the *smart* the fore-runner of the *Cure*, and is excusable, though sometimes he seem so hard-harted as to *disregard* the *lamentable* out-cries, and most moving groans of his *afflicted* Patient, not sparing his *Probe*, till he have throughly search'd the *wound*.

I must in good Earnest tell the *Gentleman*, how much my *Pitty* and *Commiseration* outgo my *Reprehensions* and *reproofs*: And that my *heartypayers* both now are, and ever shall be, much more for him, then my *unpleasing Invectives* can be against him.

him. The *latter* are onely sent out to *invite* him to take some *knowledge* and *compassion* of himselfe. But the *former* ascend as high as Heaven to implore Gods *Mercy* and *Pitty* towards him. For I know it, (let him entertain as *flattering* thoughts as he will of himselfe) the *world* has not had since the fall of *Adam*, a more *miserable* Spectacle, than this poor wretched *Leaper*, the *debauched* Gentleman: who doubtlesse, were he not so *complacently* accessary to his own *Misery*, So *obstinately* bent upon, and *solicitously* studious of his *own overthrow*, would be no oftner beheld than pittied.

But seeing his daily *practice* perswades me, that his main *industry* is a *design* to *ruine* himselfe, his constant *Profession* an open *defiance* to his *Happiness*; seeing his chiefe *delight* seems to be placed in *looking* upon his own sores, and his continual *studie* is how to *increase* them: Seeing he esteems nothing so *dangerous* as *real goodnesse*, and every day proclaims open *Hostilitie* against whatever shall bring along with it that *unwelcome* *charitie* of preserving him from *Hell*: seeing he labours

hours to expresse a deadly *fend* betwixt  
*himselfe* and his owne *soule*, and dreads no  
*torments* so much as the *joyes* of *Heaven*,  
seeing the *business* of his whole life is to  
*spoyle* a *Gentleman*: Without all doubt,  
the *safest* way now to *be* his *friend* is to  
*seeme* his *enemie*, the readiest meanes of  
*making* the *Christian*, is to *vex* the *Gentle-*  
*man*, and the hopefullest method of *healing*  
his *sores*, is first to *search* them till they  
*smart*. There's no way to deale with a man  
in a *Swoone*, but to pinch him by the nose,  
and to *dash* cold water in his face; when he  
is thus brought to *himselfe*, he may be  
capable of a *Cordiall*. Thus indeed must we  
be constrained to deale with the *Gentleman*,  
who is not only voyd of all *spirituall*  
*life*, but even of all *commonsense*: We must  
handle him a little more *roughly*, then what  
he will think *civilitie*, that so we may at  
length *force* him to open his eyes, to see  
how much he is *mistaken* in what he *calls*  
so. If after all this he will persist to call mee  
his *enemie*, I shall onely professe my sorrow  
for *this*, that he has *lost* the benefit intended  
him by my *paines*: Not at all that I have  
*missed* the *reward* of his *commendation* and  
*thanks*;



*thanks*; these I shall then *first* be ambitious of enjoying, when I shall be assured that he is so much become a *New man*, that I need not feare his *Commendations* may prove *Scandalls*, or his *thanks* reproaches. Till then here he has my *Confession*, I am his utter *Enemie*: and let him take my *Resolution* too along with it, so I am resolved to *continue* till I can see him, more then yet he is, his owne *friend*. Then, I am sure, he will without a prompter acknowledge, that thus to *appeare* his *Enemy* was the *onely* way he had left me to be-  
friend him.

With this *resolution* (Sir) and *Confidence* I shall venture, *first* to give you a short *Character* of him, as it stands legible in his common *practise* and *Conversation*; where that he may not have so much as a *pretence* to be *angry*, I shall onely write after that *Copy* himselfe has set mee, and lets lye every where *wide open* to the *view* of the *world*. And having done this, I shall, in a very few words characterize the *man* I would see, and tell you; what I *suppose* you *know*, God *Expects*, and his owne Name and profession do *witness* he ought to be.

SECT

SECT. I.

*The Gallant.*

**T**O give you my sense of the *Gentle* man in a word, He is, *I know not what*. I no sooner cast my eye upon him, but ( alas ) I see too little to love, enough to *Pitty*, more to *abhor*, and in all too much to be expressed. 'Tis usuall with us to call *man* a little world, and truly the *Gentleman* may well be compared to that which is more ancient, the *Old Chaos*, when the numerous parts of this larger world, lay confusedly therein intermixed and jumbled together, without *Forme* or *Order*: before the Omnipotent *Wisdom* of the Great God had created any such thing here below as *Method* or *Beauty*: such an undigested *Masse* and *Heap* of every thing, have wee here met withall, and nothing perfect: Onely herein the *Similitude* failes, for supposing such an unformed heap, yet had there been nothing therein but what were to be confessed the

B

worke

worke of God's hands, and therefore *very good*: But *here* (alas) is almost nothing left that God created, but every thing so altogether *evill*, that hardly so much of that we call *goodness* appears, as a bare *possibilitie* of becoming so.

Sect. I. *His Name.*

If there be such a *Sin* in the *abuse* of words as some do think there is: and if it be true that a great part of this *abuse* lies in giving *Names* unto things, *contrary* to their *Natures*, never was there a greater error of this kind committed then here, for never *Honest name* was more abused, then this of *Gentleman*: indeed it is to be feared, that having been so long *mis-applied*, it will at last finde the like hard measure, with those other once more *Honest Names* of *Tyrant* and *Sophister*; and from a *Title* of *Honour* degenerate into a *term* of the greatest disgrace and infamy. It is indeed already made to be of no better a signification then this, to denote a Person of a *Licentious* and an *unbridled* life: for though it be as 'tis used, a word of a very  
*uncertaine*

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II

*uncertaine and equivocal sound, and given at Random to persons of far different, nay contrary both humours, descents, and merits: yet if we look upon him that in this sad age comes first in play, and carries both the Feather and the Bell, as the first Horse in the Team, away from all the rest: a Gentleman must be thought only such a man, as may, without controule, do what he lists, and sin with applause: One that esteems it base, and ungentle, to fear a God, to own a Law, or Practise a Religion: One who has studied to bring Sin so much into fashion, and with so much unhappy Success, that he is now accounted a Clown that is not proud to be thought a Sinner: and he is as ridiculous as an Antick, who will not, without all scruple, proclaim himself an Atheist.*

Some of the wisest in the present world, have of a long time, (ashamed, I suppose, to be known by the same name with such a Adonster) thought it more fit to call him *Spank*, or *Raunter*: and indeed the former Name carries so much of the *Fine of Hell* in the signification, the other so much of the *noise of Hell* in the sound, as may almost

Suit with the *Gentlemans* Actions. But the *proudest* vice is ashamed to wear its *own* face long: Nor dare I believe the *Devil* to be much in love with his *cwn* Name; I am sure *neither* is willing to be thought such as intruth they are; but *wickedness* has worn *virtues* mask quite thread-bare; and *Satan* hath so often appeared like an *Angel of Light*, that 'tis now evident, he is not enamoured of his *own Form*. And thus had the *Gentleman* too, rather *deserve* then wear the Devils *Liverie* though he be willing enough to be the *man*, yet he abhors the *Name*. Thus he thinks *virtue* and *vice*, like his *Honour* and *Reputation*, no more, but the *creatures* of *Popular breath*, and that his eternal *Happiness* (as his *Temporal Estate*) is entailed upon the *bare Name* alone, and by little alteration of *that*, he may (when he pleases) translate his *Title* from *Hell* to *Heaven*: So fondly Solicitous he is (that I may use his own Language) to *Trapan* his own *Soul*, and by the Lamentable *Imposture* of a *Borrowed Name* cheat her out of a most Glorious Inheritance.

Hence he endeavours a little more to  
*Civilize*

*Civilize* the Title, and calls himselfe in a more *pleasing* language *Gallant*. In this he is apt to *Phanty charme* enough to bring even *Heaven* it selfe in love with him; and make it, as the *reees* did *Orpheus* to follow him whithersoever he goeth: and certainly so it must, and with some speed too; or he shall never see it, seeing he is alway *running*, as fast as he can, the quite *contrary* way. But, alas, this is all he is like to gain by the pitiful *exchange*: that whereas the ungrateful *sound* of the former names did so startle the *Devil*, that he was ready to quit his habitation, either as jealous of a *Rival* in the very words, or else afraid of a *Discoverie*, hearing his own names become so common, he is now bribed to stay by the *Flatterie* of this latter, and securely *Lodges* in the *Gallant's* breast, without the least fear of disturbance.

But seeing the *Gallant* is so great a lover of *New Names*, I hope he will not be troubled, if I make bold to adde one more, and call him with no lesse *reason*, but in more words, *The Devils Ghost*. For whilest *Sathan* is put to a large *expence* of time and *Pains* to Haunt and *Seduce* others

Here he meets with one not halfe so coy, but such an one as by his *unseasonable* kindness, seems to be a trouble rather, to the very *Fiend*, by *haunting* the *Devil*. And doubtless, if he go but one halfe so fast a while longer, as he has done of late years, he will tire and puzzle the whole numerous *Host of Hell*, to invent *varietie* of objects answerable to that of his *Humour*.

To speak him out a little more plainly, our *English Gentleman*, as now a dayes we commonly meet him, is such a *strange* kind of thing, that no one name will fit him. Such an *Heterogeneous* soule he is, that no less then a *Combination* of all the vices in the World, must be summoned in to make up a *Partial Description* of him: Of an *Essential Definition* I dare hardly think him capable, least thereby granting him a *complete Essence*, I should be forced, at least in a *Metaphysical* Notion, to call him *Good*. *Good-man* is a title he hath ever much scorned, and it is that which (if yet his *pride* will afford him any) he very truly thinks the fittest *compellation* for the poor honest *Labourer*. The same he will sometimes



times vouchsafe to bestow upon those few Tenants his prodigality has spared him. Such a complication of evils goes to his constitution, that ere we shall be able to fit him with a name, we must borrow it from Satan himselfe, and call him *Legion*. As sin and vanity make up his very *Essence*; so can nothing but wonder and shame compose his Character.

Sect. 2. *His Nature in general.*

You have heard his name, and now take a farther Generall description of him thus. The Gallant is a pretty, neat, Phantasticall out side of a Man, and if you dare alway believe your eye, 'tis not unlikely you may (now and then) be so much deceived, as to thinke him something. But a true man you can never imagine him, he hath too long agoe shaken hands with his Reason, and now counts it the greatest degree of basenesse in the world; to live what Nature made him, or to seeme beholding for any thing unto ought, but his owne Honour.

He is a well-digested bundle of most  
B 4. costly

*costly vanities*, and he is evermore tumbling up and downe the streets to gather more of that same *Chargeable dirt*: as if he should have enough to excuse his sinne, when he can at once say, it is both *glorious* and *costly*. You may call him a *Volume of Methodical Errataes* bound up in a *gilt cover*, and his onely commendation is this, that his *disorders* seeme to be *orderly*, and his *Errours* not *Casual* but *Studied* and he can tell how to sinne most *ingeniously*. He is a *curiously wrought Cabinet* full of *Shells*, and other *Trumperie*, which were much better quite *empty*, then so emptily *full*. He is a piece of ordinary *clay* stuck round with *Bristoll Diamonds*, pretty sparkling things, which for a time might perhaps make a *gay show* in a *fool's cap*, or on a *Dung-hill*, but in a *Lapidarie's shop*, amongst *true-stones*, have onely so much *lustre* left, as will prove themselves to be but *counterfeit*. Such a silly *Glow worme* may looke like a little *Star* in the *Darke*, but its *Splendour* is alwayes sure to be *benighted* with the *Rising Sun*. 'Tis no small advantage for this fine *Sir* to live in this *Night* of the world, where that very *darknesse* of *ignorance*.

*rance* which *obscures* the great virtues of so many good men, is the onely thing that makes his *wild fires* so *visible* as to be taken notice of. He is the *Rich Scabbard* of a *Leaden Spirit*, and that very *dulness* of metal, makes him endure so long in the world, whilst the *keener* zeal of nobler Souls, soon makes their way for them through the *Scabbard* into *Heaven*. I do heartily wish he would give us no reason to call him, The *painted Sepulchre* of a *Soule Dead* and rotten in *trespasses and Sins*. If this Comparison will ever fit any man that is no *Hypocrite*, certainly 'tis the *Swaggering Gentleman*.

He is a *mans skin* full of *prophaness*, a *Paradise* full of *weeds*, an *Heaven* full of *Devils*, or *Sathans Bedchamber* too richly hung with *Axras* of God's own making: such an *Excellencie* would he faine hold in the *basest Iniquity*. He can be thought no better than a *Promethean Man*, at best but a lump of *animated dirt* kneaded into *Humane shape*, and if he have any such thing as a *Soule* (which he shall hardly be able to persuade any man to believe that sees how little *care* he takes to *save* it)

it seems to be patch'd up of vice and Bravery.

If you would come acquainted with his pedigree, let *Sin* be your *Herald*, and it will be sufficient to tell you, he was the Son of an *Offender*. His very name's enough to blast the Nobility of all that went before him, and to breath a perpetual disgrace upon the sleeping ashes of his worthy Progenitors. There may be some question made, whether he needs fear going into *Hell* or no at his death, because he has been so well acquainted with it in his life time; whether if he have not leave every day to take his full *Cariere*, he thinks his Soul bereav'd of her *Christian Liberty*; as if he had no other way left him of imitating the blessed *Saviour* of mankind, but by often descending into *Hell*. O what a piece of Gallantry it is now a days for a man to give his Soul to the Devil in a Frolick! It is the part of a Gentleman to out-brave Damnation, and not to be daunted with the thoughts of a future Judgement: A retreat into Sobriety would betray such an Effemacy of spirit, as might argue him in love with a Religion, and make the world believe

believe he were such a *Coward* as might be *Frighted* into *Piety*. Every petty sinner can *out-face* an *Earthly*, he<sup>d</sup> I do his best to *out-vapour* an *Heavenly* Tribunal; and make it appear unto all, that a *Gentleman* has a *spirit*, dares go to *Hell*, before he will be said to *fear* it. Indeed he alone seems to have the art of turning *Nature* upside down, and will onely be a perfect man at the *Pap*, when he is weaned he gives both his *humanity* and *Immocency* to his *Nurse* for her wages, I am sure he is rarely, if ever, after that time, seen to have either about him. In short, the *Gentleman* is nothing that he *should* be: His whole life is a flat *Contradiction* to his duty: His constant study is to teach his *Body* how to put *affronts* upon his *Soul*, and to give him the ly who dare tell him there are any hopes it may be *saved*: He laughs at him that tells him there is any other *Heaven* then that of his own creating; any other *happinefs* besides his pleasures, or an *Hell* diverse from that which *Christianity* has objected to the *Cowards Phancy*. He has the *Courage* to be any thing but what he *should* be, an *honest man*, or a good *Christian*.

§. 3. *His Calling or Employment.*

The Gallants General Calling and Employment is, to scorn all *business*, but the Study of the *Modes* and *Vices* of the times: and herein he spares not to rack his *braines* and rob his *soule* as much of her *Natural* as her *spirituall* rest, to supply the wanton world with *variety* of *Inventions*. He takes an especiall care that nothing may ever appear *old* about him, but the *old Man of sin*, and him he every day exposes to Publick view in a *several Dress*, that (if it be possible) he may perswade the world to believe that all *there* is *New* too. Indeed so miserably happy is he in *Inventions* of this sinful Nature, that any man, who had not a *spirituall* eye, to discern the same *Proud* and *Luxurious Devil* in all his *Actions*, would almost think he had a *new Nature* as well as a *new Suite* for every day throughout the Year.

Thus he that thinkes it so much below him, to be reckon'd amongst the *Labourers* in Gods *House* or *Vineyard*; and disdaines to receive his *Penny*, with those he should

should call his brethren, either as a *Reward* or a *Gratuitie*: but seems rather to expect it as a *Debt*, or *Portion* due by *Inheritance*: Yet is he content to sit all day long in *Sathan's Shop*, one of his *Slavish Premices* or *Journ-men*, who feeds him with course and *Emptie Huske* here, and will reward him with an *Hell-full* of torments for *his labour* hereafter.

He is all but a *Proud* and *Glistering Masse* of *swaggering idlenesse* and he makes it his chiefe Study to *Demonstrate* to the world, how many several wayes *Idlenesse* has found out to be *busie*. He takes this for granted (as well he may) that he is not *Idle* but *Dead* that does just *nothing*. It is his task ever to be doing, *nothing* to a *Good*, but much to a *Bad* or no purpose. Though he may often seem to sit *still*, and not to *move* so much as a little finger, yet even *then* is his *soule* close at *worke*. plotting and *Contriving* how he may for the time to come be most *plausibly Idle*. He acts so little for the *publick Good*, as if he were afraid he should be thought a *Member* of *Mankind*, or as if the only *businesse* God intended him  
were



were but to take care, that he continue *breathing*. He lives indeed as if he meant to prove, that God Almighty had made him to no other end but this, to show the world that he could make *something* whereof he had no need when made; as if whilst he created other men for use and service, he intended him only as *Artists* do some of their neatest but *slightest* pieces of work to stand upon a stall, or hang out upon a sign at the Shop windows, to show *passengers* with what the Shop is furnish'd within. Or if you will, you may look upon him as upon the painted sign of a *Man hung up in the Aire*, onely to be toss'd to and fro, with every wind of *Temptation* and *Vanitie*. Such a vain shadow or picture is he, that were there no more but himselfe. I should take the boldnesse to Affirm there were no such *Creature* as a *Man* in the world.

To me he seems of no more worth then a piece of *Out-cast Iron*, lying *uselesse* upon the face of the Earth, till his *Soul* be even eaten away with *Rust* and *Sloth*. God made him a *Man*, but to prove himselfe his own God by a *second Creation*, he endeavours

vours to *make* himself a *Bruit*, nay a senseless *Carkefs* that only *Cumbers* the *Earth*, & is fit for nothing but to *dug* the ground it lyes upon, and *stink* in the *Nostrils* of the most high. If ever he *sweat*, it is in pursuit of a *feather*, at his *play* and *sport*, in *running* away from his *Work*, and in the *chase* after his *Ease*: And yet even in *that* he can never *rest*, this indeed being the Natural fruit of *Idleness*, that it makes the *sluggard* weary, not onely of whatsoever he *doth*, but even of *Idleness* it self.

#### §. 4. *His Education and Breeding.*

So soon as his *Age* is capable of *Instruction* and *Discipline* he is sent to *School*, or rather by reason of too great an *Indulgence* in his fond *Parents*, the *School* is brought *home* to him; where if the foolish *Mother* do not more awe the *School-master* then he his *Scholar*, the *Rod* and an empty *purse* together do for a while preserve him *himsel*: But it shall not be long, ere he find room enough *abroad* in the world, wherein he may *lose* himselfe again. Yet  
truly

truly it is a great rarity in this Age, to see the earliest *Morning of Youth*, unclouded by the *fumes* and vapours of *lust*. It being too usual a thing with the *débauch'd father* to make his *child*, as we use to say, over early his *Fathers own Son*.

Most *Gentlemen* seem to make it a special piece of their *fatherly* care to stave off their *Children* as long as they can from *Virtue* and *Religion*, lest therein resembling *better men* than their *Fathers*, some might take occasion to thinke them *spurious*. To infuse so early into the *Young child* the graver *Notions* of *God* and *Goodness*, were to make him *Old* before his time, and these would looke no better then so many *wrinkles* and *furrowes* in the *fresh cheeks* of an *Infant*: alas, what were this but an *unspiriting* of the *child*, and laying an unseasonable *Damp* upon the comely *sprightfulness* of *Youth*? 'Tis fit he should be man'd up by *bold* and *daring* exercises, and as men use their *Hounds*, be *blooded* now when he is young. *Divinity* and *Morality* are supposed too much to *molify* & *emasculate* the brave *Soule* of a *Young Gentleman*, and make it of too soft and *fattle* a temper

temper for *Noble* and *Generous* actions. To instruct him how *hereafter* he should manfully resist his *enemies*; he shall *first* be taught to fight against *God* and *Goodnesse*. It is indeed most lamentable to consider how very few of those we call *Gentlemen* endeavour to make their *Children* either *honest-men* or *good Christians*; as if it were their only *businessse* to beget them, and when they are come into the world; to *teach* them by their own *example*, how they may most *unprofitably* spend the short *leavings* of their own *Luxuric*. Thus at their *death* they leave them *doubly* Miserable in bequeathing them, *first*, little to live upon, and *secondly*, many ways to spend it; Indeed the greatest *Charitie* and *Providence* in such *Prodigal* parents, were either *not* to beget Children *at all*, or to beget them *meer beggars*, that so they might not *give* them, with their *estates* so many *uphappy opportunities* of becoming altogether as *bad* as themselves.

But the *Hopeful Youth* must be a *Gentleman*, and in all haste he must be sent to see the *Universty* or *Inns of Court*; and that before he well knowes what it is to go to *school*. Whither he comes, not to get  
*Learnig*

*Learning* or *Religion*, but for *breeding*, that is to enable himself hereafter to *talke* of the *Customes* and *Fashions* of the place. Here he gets him a *Tutor*, and keeps him (as he doth all things else) for *Fashions* sake. Such an one who may serve at least, as poor *Boyes* do in some *Princes* Courts, to *sustaine* the blame of the *Young Gentlemans* miscarriages, and whom the *Father* may *chide* and *beate* when the *son* is found in a *fault*: Indeed this care is taken for the good *Tutor* that if his *Scholar* chance to *returne home* (as too seldome he does) with either *Scholarship* or *Pietie*, he shall then have the *credit* or *discredit* (call it which you will) of *making* the *Scholar*, or *spoiling* the *Gentleman*: seeing his *Parents* had taken order he should bring *neither* of the two along with him. Here perhaps he is permitted to continue a *year* or *two*, if he have no *Mother* upon whom he must bestow at least *three* parts of that time in *visits*, else his *Father* knows not well where he may with more *credit* loose so much good *time*, or if it may be, afraid it will be a greater *trouble* to keep him at *home*. In this time he will, in all probability have  
learn'd

learn'd how to make a choice of his *boom* Companions, how to *raile* at the Statutes and break all good Orders; How to wear a *Gaudie Suite*, and a *Torn Gown*, To curse his Tutor by the name of *Baal's Priest*, and to sell more books in halfe an hour, then he had bought him in a year: To forget the second year what perhaps for want of acquaintance with the *Vices* of the place he was forced for a *Passé-time* to learn in the first, and then he thinks he has learning enough for him and his heirs for ever.

And now that he may be able to *main-* taine his title to so wretched an estate, it is time he should be hastned away to some *Inne of Court* there to study the *Law* as he did the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences* in the *Colledge*. Here his pretence is to study and follow the *Law*, but it's his *Resolution* never to know or obey it: If in any measure he do apply himselfe to it, it is this one end, that he may know how to plead for himselfe when he *breakes* it: or to attain at last to so much more *Law* then *Honesty*, as to cozen him that has more *Honesty* than *Law*. Here indeed he learns to be (in his

his Notion of the Man) somewhat more a *Gentleman* then before, having now the *Mock happinesse* of a *Licentious* life, and a *Manumission* from the *Tyranny* (as he terms it) of a *School-master* and *Tutor*. this he reckons the happy *Year* of his *Enfranchisement* and in *Commemoration* whereof his whole *life time* is to be one continued *day* of *rejoycing*. From this time forward he resolves to be a *Gentleman* indeed, and now begins to clear himselfe from all *suspicion* of *Goodnesse*, which *constraint* and *feare* made some believe there was a *Possibility* of before.

### S. 5. *His Habit and Garb.*

As his *condition of life* seems now to be *New*, so does he endeavour that *all* should appear *New* about him; except his *vices* and his *Religion*; He is too much in *love* with *those*, to *change* them; and the *latter* he cannot *change*, because he never had any. *Pride* and *Wantonnesse* have a very *rare* and *readie* invention: here's a *New Garb*, *New Cloathes*, and a *New Bodie* too, O could he but once get him a *New Soul*, or no *Soul*,  
he



he might be thought *happy*, When you look upon his *Apparell*, you will be apt to say, he wears his *Heaven* upon his *back*; and truly ( 'tis too much to be fear'd ) there you see as much of it, as he ever shall. He is trick'd up in *Gauderies*, as if he had resolved to make his *Body* a *Lure* for the *Devil*, and with this *Bravery* would make a *baite* should tempt the *Tempter* to fall in love with him. He looks as if he had prevented our first *Mother* in sinning, and wanting *parience* to stay for the fruit, had pluck'd the very *blossomes*, and now wore them about him for *Ornaments*. His *Suite* seems to be made of *Lace* or *Ribbon* trim'd with *Cloath*. By his variety of *Fashions* he goes nigh to cheat his *Creditors*, who for this reason dare never swear him to be the same man they formerly had to deale withall. His *Mercer* may very well be afraid to lose him in a *Labyrinth* of his own *Cloth*, which yet sits or hangs ( shall I say ) for the most part so loosely about him, as if it were ever ready to fly away for fear of the *Searjeant*. Alas, how often is he proud of a *Feather* in his *Hat*, which a silly *Bird* was but a while ago wearie of carrying

carrying in her *tayle*? Do but take him in that condition wherein you may commonly be sure to find him, he will make a compleat *walking Tavern*. His *head* and *Feather* will serve both for *sign* and *Bush*.

If you observe but a little his strange *Garbe* and *Behaviour*, either *that* wherein he walkes the *Streets*, or that other more *set* and *affected* one reserved for his *forme* of *Complement*, you would conclude he were going to show *Tricks*; I am sure he wants nothing but a *stage* erected for the purpose. He takes as much care and pains to *new-mould* his *Body* at the *Dancing-school*, as if the onely *shame* he fear'd were the retaining of that *Forme* which *God* and *Nature* gave him. Sometimes he walks as if he went in a *Frame*, again, as if both head and every member of him *turned* upon *Hinges*. Every step he takes presents you with a perfect *Puppit-play*. And *Rome* it selfe could not in an *Age* have showne you more *Antiques* then one of our *Gentlemen* is able to imitate in *haffe* an hour: whose whole *life* is indeed no other then one *studied* imitation of all the *vanities* imaginable; and by his daily practice, a man would  
guess

gues there could be no such ready way invented of becoming a *Gentleman*, as to degenerate first into that *Beast*, which now, if ever, is most like a man, an *Ape*. Such an *Honourable* creature has he made himselfe, who accounts it below him to be number'd among the ordinary sort of men.

§. 6. *His Language and Discourse.*

His *Language* and *Discourse* are altogether suitable to his *Habit* and *Garbe*; all affected and *Apish*, but indeed for the most part much more vile, sinfull, and *Abominable*. When it is most *Innocent*, then is it *Idle* and *Light*, and then most quaint and *Rhetorical*, when *Drolling* and *Prophane*. Although he make it his whole business whensoever he dares to be *Bookish* (which indeed he dreads as much as any thing but to be Good) to furnish himselfe with an *Eligant* and *Courtlike* expression; yet will all but amount to this at most, that sometimes he may be able to talke well, and show us how much he is a better *Speaker* than a man: That he shall be able to carve out his *Language* into some of the most

most *Modish* and *Dissembling* Complements, and to *Interlard* an affected discourse, with many an *Impertinent Parenthesis*. And then amidst all this his *Time-observing* hand and foot do so point, accent & adorn all with Curious and Phantastick flourishes, that his words are often as much lost in his Actions, as his sense in his words.

A piece of noisy Bombast denominates him one of the great Wits, where the substance of his discourse (if it have any) is dress'd up in so rude and *Antique* a forme, that staring (as it were) the hearer in his face, it goes nigh to scare him out of his Wits.

If *Don Quixot* or some Romance more in Fashion, can but furnish him with a few *New-coyn'd* words, and an *Idle tale* or two to make up his talk at the next Ordinary, in his own fond Conceit and by the votes of his simple Companions, he is carried up to Heaven, a wanton piece of Drollery will send him beyond it.

To be truly *Ingenuous* is not the way to Humour his Frolick Companions, and therefore he is put to study out something else which must serve for a while instead of

wit,

Wit, and 'tis strange, he can thinke of nothing will do this so well as *flat foolery*; for most perfectly such is that *drolling* vein wherein he is so frequently industrious to shew himselfe a *witty fool*: What a *learned* Age is this we live in, when he is the best *Companion* for a *Gentleman*, who can best act the *Rustick*, and most facilely imitate the *Rudeness* and *Flatness* of his *Language*? and when he alone must be esteem'd the *Wit*, who can *neatliest* play the *fool* to *Humour Mad Men*? To be *sober* or *serious* in the *Gentlemans Dictionary*, signifies just as much as to be *Dull* and *Blockish*. A *Phancy* which dares not *roave* about, beyond the limits of *Sobriety* and *discretion*, nor proclaime her selfe to be most *affectedly* *prophane*, or as industriously *Vain* and *Idle*, as a *Bird* that has no *note* sweet enough for his *Cage*. 'Tis a wonderfull thing to see, how the *Apish Ingenuity* of this Age, has cut the very throat of all *sober Invention*, and *Genuine Wit*. A *Mimical* tone, A *Phantastick* action, a *couchant* sense, and a *Phrase Rampant*, quarter the *Coat* of our *Modern Gentile Wit*. Such are the *spongy Ears*

C

of

of most Companions, that they will suck in nothing but froth: And the Gentleman lookes upon him as a poor solitary fool, who will not thus make himselfe an Affe for company.

But (alas) all these are but the *Innocent recreations* of his *Tongue*: wherein it sports it selfe in its *Infancy*, ere it attain to that *nimbleness* and *volubility* of expression which becomes a *Gentleman*. He is not alwaies delighted in these *soft* walks; but as he grows more a *man*, he choseth him *rougher* paths, & more manly exercises. By degrees he steps up from *Idleness*, and *Emptiness*, *foolery* and *drollery*, to *scurrility* & *obloquy*; when at every step he *tramples* some good Mans *Honour* in the *Dust*; at each word he *spits* in the face of his *Betters*, and labours to *bespatter*, with the *Dirt* of *Infamy* and *Disgrace*, every name and reputation that stands above his *own*: And you may be sure he will ever throw the *blackest dirt* upon the *fairest face*, where it may certainly do the greatest *mischief*, and be most *conspicuous*. Like an experienced *Archer*, he never misses the *white*: but (as good luck is) such is the *Impenetrability* of *Innocence*, when  
*darted*

*darted at by the poyson'd Arrows of Envy,*  
he never holds it. If this black breath of his  
could blow out, or eclipse those Lights that  
shine brightest, we should not have one star  
left in Virtues heaven: And those Lights  
which were sent into the World to guide  
him timely and truly out of it into a bet-  
ter, he first endeavours to extinguish, that  
so he may without check or shame wander  
through all the works of darkness into Hell.  
What so often in his mouth, as, that which  
he never names, but with the deepest accent  
of scorn and disdain, a paltry Parson? and he  
does not stick often to tell him to his face,  
that when he comes to have as much wit as  
zeal he will begin to tell him another tale  
then that of Heaven; that he may do well  
to keep him to his Tub, and tell a precise  
Story, once or twice a week to his Ignorant  
Auditors in his Country Church, and forbear  
to read Lectures of Godliness to persons  
whom he should be afraid to look upon  
but at a distance. That he brought more  
learning from school with him, then all the  
Canonicall Cassocks and Girdles in the Nati-  
on, with all their tough Logical Notions, &  
knotty Metaphysicks shall be ever able to con-  
tain.



tain. With a thousand more such like *ravings* of a wild and *Atheistical* brain. I shall willingly forbear to *personate* him any further in them lest he might think me able (as I hope I shall never be) to reach the *Frantick* strain of his loose and prophane *Raileries*.

Neither are his *discourses* less *beastly* then *divellish*, less *filthy* then *malicious*. So foul, *obscene*, and *nauseous*, for the most part are his *words*, that some one or other as little *acquainted* with a God as *himself* will be apt to conclude, that Nature *spoil'd* him in the making, and set his *Mouth* at the *wrong end* of his *Body*. Certainly there must be a *corrupted* and *putrified* Soul within, whence there daily steams out so much *odious* and *stinking* breath. Indeed so strangely is the *Gentlemans* *Palate* distemper'd by this same loathsome *Disease*, that he can now relish just nothing but the very *Excrements* of *Discourse*. He is not only taken with the *wanton* *Language* and *Lascivious* *Dialect* of Love, wherein to accomplish himself, he makes it too much his business to collect what he can out of all the loose *Pastorals*, *Beastly Poems*, and *Bandy* pieces of

of *Drollery*, which by their *number* seem to turn our *Book-sellars* shops into so many *Jakes*: but he takes a great deal of pleasure to lick with his *tongue* the nauseous *Botches*, and putrified *sores*, and the infectious *Le-prosies* of *Wit*. O how does he delight to dwell upon the sore place of an obscene *Po-em*! and he never commends the *Poet* for any thing but his *Infirmities*. He is no company for the *Gallants* of late, who will not once at least before the close of every *Period* commit *Lip-Adultery*. As there is not any more filthy vice of the tongue then this; so neither do I ever find the *Gentleman* more in love with any other Except it be that one which I am now to name.

And that is it, which indeed I tremble to mention, though he esteems it the greatest grace and Ornament of his Discourse. I mean *Swearing*. For as the *Gentleman* seems continually to measure out his time by *mins* instead of *minutes*; so his louder *Oaths*, were they not so very frequent, might well be compared to the great *Clock*, which gives us notice how his *Hours* pass. This is that pleasing part of his Language, wherein he so ordinarily bids defiance, to his *God*, and

so powerfully courts the *Devil*, with whom by this means he has a frequent *Converse* as if he were his *Familiar*. And he has so great a variety of these *Hellish complements*, that the *Master* of that Language, *Sathan* himself may in a little time stand in need of an *Interpreter* to understand him.

This is a *sin* to which there are so few colourable *Inducements* or *Provocations*, that herein or not at all, the *Gallant* shews his *Proficiencie* under that good *Master* He serves, and proves how straight he can goe to *Hell*, and how fast, without a guide or baite. Here indeed he seems to cry out upon *Eve* for a *lazier* and *dull* sinner, whilst in every *Oath* he loudly swears that *Soul* not to be worth a damning, which cannot *sin* without a *temptation*. 'Tis here he expresses his great *Charitie* to the *Devil*, for as if he were afraid the *Tempter* should have too great a Load of *Other mens sins* at the *Last* and *great* day of accounts, he freely exempts him from putting his helping hand to some of his sins, and openly professes he is able to go far enough out of the way to *Heaven* without a *Seducer*.

How

How many horrible and hideous Oaths doth he daly invent, onely to swell up his cheeks, and make his words sound high and big in the ears of those that tremble not to hear him? with what boldness and pride does he abuse Gods most Holy and tremendous Name, by making it a cloak & varnish to set off his most false, loose and prophane speeches. As if indeed he had this desparate design upon Almighty God, to render his sacred Name odious to the world, by taking it so often into his prophane lips.

Unto this we may here adde that other as common extravagancy of his Tongue, which is the abusing and making a Mock of Gods Word, as well as his Name. His Rhetorick seems all Low and Flat so long as his Metaphors lye on this side Prophaneness, but when he has once got a trick to heave up his cheeks, and set his face against the Heavens, and to emboss his discourse with a Rumbling Oath, then he begins to think himself an Orator with a Witness.

§. 7. *His Religion and Conversation.*

I am afraid it is now too late to tell you what is the Gentlemans Religion, seeing he

has so very little either of *honesty* or *humanity*. The *sad* truth is, he is so far from being indeed *religious*, that he is *ashamed* of nothing so much as that any man should have the *charity* to think him so. Against this *Ignominious* brand of a *Godly* man, he takes the readiest course he can to *vindicate* himselfe, that is openly to *deride* all those that own it, *laughing* aloud at all such as have more *Religion* then *himselfe*. The chief *Ceremony* of his *Religion* next to that of *blaspheming* his *God*, is lustily to *curse* the *Devil*: and to *declaime* both against *Heaven* and *Hell* in a breath. It is below a *Gentleman* to be a *Beggar*, though at the *Gates* of *Heaven*, and the *Throne* of *Grace*, and he does as much *scorn* to say his *Payers*, as to *beg* his *bread*. Nothing but *Necessity* can perswade him to either. *Devotion* and *Humility* are names wholly inconsistent with *Nobility* and *Gallantry*: These become not that *brave Heroick Spirit*, which had rather chuse to *starve* even his *soul* to all *eternity*, then to receive *salvation* it selfe at the *expense* of a *petition*. 'Tis for such *faint hearted* creatures as have not the *courage* to undergo with *Alacrity* the *torment* of *Hell* fire,

fire, to stoop so low, as to beg an *Heaven* on their *knees*: Alas he sees no such *loveliness* in the *things above*, as may oblige him to so *submissive a Courtship*: And yet he is so confident to *enjoy* them all at last, as if he thought God would be *beholding* to him for *accepting* his blessings: or as some foolish *lovers* take occasion to double their *addresses* from the *unkindness* of a *Goy Mistress*, God would the more *earnestly* importune him to be *saved*, the more *disdainfully* he looks upon *salvation*.

If ever the *Gentleman* appears at *Church*, it is but to give you a testimony of his *courage*, whereby he shows how he *dares* sometimes *venture* upon what he most *fears*. But then he behaves himself so *proudly* there, as if he would *command* the great God of *Heaven* and *Earth* to *keep his distance*: and he may be sure, so he will, for he will *draw nigh* unto none but such as will first *draw nigh* unto him. But sometimes his appearance in the *holy Assembly* argues more *Cowardice* than *Courage*, and shews that he *fears* the *Constable* more then God: and to be *religious* more then appear so. Here if he stay long he is no less *pain'd* in

hearing the Sermon, then if both his Ears were fast nailed to the Pillory. To prevent seditionness and to give himself as much ease as may be; he picks up here and there something from the Preacher to make merry with, at the next meeting; Or else he meditates upon the Ladies as they sit in their Spectacles beauties: and then he returns from the Church, as most who do come thither with no better intentions, ten times more an Atheist then he came.

But as fast as the Gentlemans Atheism has taught him to jeer and laugh at all those who are so soft-hearted, as to profess a Religion, so well has their Religion taught them to pity and pray for him that has none.

If the Gallant have no estate (as many who think themselves Gentlemen have none) he makes his vices his trade, and so trafficks first for a living, and then for damnation. The Tavern, for the most part, is his Exchange, where having prepared the way for one wickedness by another, some drunken cheat is usually the Enriching Bargaine. And this when discover'd, must pass by the name of an Ingenious Frolick. Here he lies drinking out the day, except he be forced



## *The Gentle Sinner.*

45

ced to sleep out the last nights Intemperance. This is the stage of his wit and wantonness: where he thinks himself a *Champion*, when he can kick two down stairs at once, the *drawer* and his *Bottle*, and sound the *Alarm* to the *skirmish* in a loud peal of new fashion'd *coures*. After all is done there, he walks the *streets* as light in his head as his purse, and much oftner salutes the *Pavement* then the *Passengers*.

He drinks as *stoutly*, as if he meant to carry *liquor* enough with him in his *Belly* to quench the *flames* of *Hell*; or rather as if he meant to *drink* himself so far into a *Beast* as he might thereby become *unable* of *Damnation*. When he has drunk his fill, he studies how to make the next young *Heir* he meets with pay the *Reckoning*. If he chance to meet with some poor innocent *Lady*, whom a sweet word or two may make his miserable prey, he makes a shift to scrue a *ring* or two off her *finger*, and this will pay both the *shot*, and his common *she* for his next night *Lodging*.

In a word, this *Ranting Gentleman* is a golden, or at least a *gilded Sinner*, a *Royal slave*, a *Prodigal Spark*, one who hates no  
name

*name* so much as that of *Christian*; because he is afraid it would make him *melancholy*. He travels over the wide *world* of sin, till he have as little *Money* as *Religion*, and no more *credit* then *money*. So that he is usually at last constrain'd either to lie *hid*, and so become his own *Prisoner*, or to pawn his *Body* to his *Goaler* for his *chamber*, or else to become a *Citizen* of the *World*, and so at last is *every where* at home, because he is indeed at home *no where*.

S. 8. *An Apology for this part of the Character.*

Perhaps you may here expect my *Apology* for making so bold with the *Gallant*, as in the foregoing lines I have done, which I am so far from *acknowledging* my self obliged to do, that I shall hardly obtain mine own *pardon* for being no bolder. 'Tis out of no other *respect* than a tender *compassion* to his *Person*, and a most perfect *hatred* of his *waies*, that I here take leave of him. In good earnest (Sir) I have not the *patience* to follow him any further, no not in those *paths* wherein he *walkes* with so much *Pride* and

*Com*

*Complacency.* If he think I have used him too *unkindly*, I shall only answer, that its not half so ill as he uses himself: who by being so much his own *Enemie*, has found out a very easie way for his *best friends* to be so too, and yet solve the *Contradiction* by an obvious *distinction* betwixt his *Spiritual* & his *Carnal self*.

I thank God, I have learn'd to hate a vice in my *best friend*, and the more I hate it, the better I love my friend, whom I shall ever wish so well, as that he may continue for ever *virtuous*, that so I may for ever have his *Friendship*. And I have as well learn'd to love the soul of my most *vicious enemie*, and the rather because I know my *Saviour* did as much for me.

I dare not think a *sinner* need my *prayers* one jot the less; but much more my *pitty*, because he pretends to be a *Gentleman*. I am sure he would say as much himself, if he could but seriously consider what *distinction* of blood or degrees there is to be expected in *hell*, or what *respect* will there be shewn to the Son of a *Prince* more then to a *Beggar*. Which was best rewarded, the *Noble Dives*, or the *poor* and so long *despised*

*sed Lazarus? A Captive is still to be look'd upon as a Captive, though it be his lot to lie bound in Fetters of Gold, and to have a stately Palace for his Prison: Nor shall I think that Malefactors torment much the lesse, who has the honour at his execution to have his Fatal Pile made up of all the richest Spices of Arabia. How great an Happiness found he in his death, whose sentence it was to be smother'd to death in a Bed of Roses? That Prisoner may be in a merry, but in no very good condition, who, when he should be singing Psalmes unto, his God, and so with the Captive Apostles set his Soul at Libertie, when he should on the wings of Devotion send her out with Noahs Dove, to fetch in the Olive-branch of Peace and Libertie from Heaven; when he should do all this, can yet in a rough Note, and some wild disjointed Catch, Crown his Cups, and Invoke the curs'd inhabitants of Hell in an Health to the Devil: whatever others better bred and of a more gentile Education may think of him, I shall never be able to commend such a mans courage and Alacrity. But this I shall (I hope) be able to do, with all the due affections of a Charitable Christian,*

*Man*, bewale his *Madness*, Lament his *Folly*, and earnestly pray that God would at length in great *mercy*, restore him to his *lost selfe* and *senses*. Thus would I hold my self bound to pray for a *Mad-man*, and truly no otherwise for our *English Gallant*: For were it my purpose to shew how easily a man might *be*, rather then how heard it is for him *not* to be *Satirical* upon so foul a Subject; or did I not more desire with *oyl* to *heal*, then with *salt* and *vinegar* to *vex* his *wounds*, I cou'd, without the least *wresting*, fully apply unto the *Person* we speak of, all the *Symptoms* and *degrees* of the most *extream* *madness* or *brutish* *folly* imaginable. But I leave him here, and for those others which are behind I shall study more *Brevity* if not less *Bitterness*.

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SECT.



## SECT. II.

§. 1. *The second sort of Gentlemen not to be reckon'd amongst those which are truly such.*

**I** Would not have you think (Sir) that I have done with the *spurious Gentleman* when I have done with the *Gallant*. I should do some *violence* to the *true Gentlemans virtues*, should I say all that are not included in the foregoing *Character* are *just* such as *he*, and deal somewhat too *severely* with him of whom I am now to speak, if I should conclude all that are *none* of the *best*, to be the *very worst*. I find my self therefore necessitated to say a little of *another*, who, though he may be thought by many degrees above the *former*, yet have I no reason to call him a *Saint*. If we eye the *common course* of his life, and his *ordinary conversation*, we may perhaps discover in him something more of *modesty*, and the man, then

then in the former, yet shall we not find much more then what is to be read in those two names, of Religion or the Christian: At best, he has in him only so much of Christianity as may save his credit in this world, not his soule in the other. And of this sort is, (alas I may too truly say) far the greatest part of our English Gentry: I must include very many of our Nominal Nobility, & not a few of the Real too, I mean as far as blood alone, will make them so, under this Head.

This indeed is that Gentleman, whether of City or Country, whom his neighbours, as well as himself, do too often for want of a better, flatter into Some-body. One, who though he has more discretion then to be stark-mad, and more sobriety than to dwell in a Tavern, or to transform his own house (as to too many chuse to do) into a perfect Bedlam: I am sure there wants very little of it in many, but the correction and discipline: Though he be not fully arrived at the very height of vanity, nor can yet take a pride, by the idle expence both of estate & honour, to purchase an irremediable poverty to his heirs, and to himself the empty title of Spark & Gallant: Yet he can hardly perswade me

to



to believe ehe *principles* whereby he is kept within these *bounds* of *modesty* and *sobriety*, such as may merit him the *name* of *Gentleman* or *Christian*. Indeed the greatest *difference* betwixt him and the *Gallant*, seems to be this, that whereas the *Gallant* is the very *spume* and *froth* of *Nobility*, which ever works *upwards*, impatient of a *confinement* within any *limits* whatsoever, but alwayes *flies out* by reason of its extraordinary *levity* into *emptiness* and *aire*; this other *Gentleman* like the *lees* and *dregs*, by reason of too great a mixture and participation of more *gross* and *Terrene* parts, *settles* wholly *downwards* till he come to the very *bottom* of all *baseness*: Such *lees* though at present, of some more *use* than the other, yet will they at *length* prove *good* for *nothing* but to be thrown away.

### §. 2. *Several sorts of such Gentlemen.*

Such a *Gentleman* as he who hath a good *estate*, and a full *Chest*, and these, (excepting a *Coat of Armes*, & a few old *Pictures*, hung up in his *Parlor* or *Gallery* to let strangers see who were his *Father* and *Mother*,)

are

are all he has to show for his Nobility: and yet his too great care in preserving these, is for the most part, that whereby he forfeits his Honour. For as the Former freely spent his estate to make him a Gallant, so this latter as freely parts with all Gallantry to save his estate. If nature have blessed him with some good parts & faculties, and if the care of his Parents have added many more excellent ornaments & accomplishments of a Gentleman, yet there alwaies appears some abatement or other in his bearing, which disgraces all: And there is that bale alloy of ( I know not what ) dross, in his best gold, which renders it uncurrent, and altogether useles both to himself and all the world besides. In some this is covetousness, and love of the world; in others 'tis cowardice, and a poore spirit; in a third sort, Laziness, and a love of ease; and in many others pride and a vainglorious humour. Though in favour to the Gentleman, or rather to the world, lest it might seem to be quite void of all such things as true Gentry and Nobility, men are willing very often to bestow upon them too good names calling, the first providence and a naturall care: the second pru-  
dence

dence, and a commendable pollicy: The third a good nature, and a peaceable minde: And the last, Noble and brave Spirit, and a piece of necessary state. I confesse I am as ready as any man to cast into him all the *allowances* he can in any reason demand, or I with safety grant him, & all will be little enough to make him full weight for a *Gentleman*. But he must pardon me, if I love not to hear good names thus grossly abused: nor to see the most beloved and plausible vices pass so currantly & unquestioned for virtues. Call them what we will, and make them as good as we can, as they are enough to sink the *Gentleman* as far below his name as bell is below Heaven, so they have been too effectual and prevalent of late, to the choaking up all breathings of true Religion and Piety, and to the bringing a glorious Church and flourishing Kingdom, to say no worse, into a very low and ruinous condition. And this I dare be bold to affirm, though I take not my selfe for a *Politician*, that let us all pretend and endeavour to what we can, till we can make these gilded vices to be known & owned by their own names, we shall have small reason to hope for a settled Church, or  
*peaceable*

*Peateable state.* I wish I had a *salve*, which applied to the *Gentlemans blind eye*, might take off the *Pearl*, and make him see this truth.

§. 3. *The Provident Gentleman.*

*The Provident Gentleman* (as he loves to heare himselfe miscall'd) is one who is ever putting the question with him in *Iob*, *What profit is there in the service of the Almighty?* If you could once perswade him to believe that every good gift comes from above, and that *whosoever asks shall indeed receive*, you would soon see him grow religious, & hear him saying his prayers in good earnest: But alas so long as he can make a shift to fill up his *Coffers* by delving in the dirt, you must give him leave to continue *Infidel* in these particulars. He is content to heare of *glorifying God*, till you come to tell him he must do it with *his substance*, but then it becomes an *hard saying*, and he'l hear, you of that at a *more convenient time*; perhaps he means it upon his *death bed*. So little is he in love with, or *sensible* of what you call *Honour*, that allow him the *gain* and *profit*, let God  
or

or any one else (it's all one to him) take the other. This *Gentleman* has just as much *God* and *Religion* as a full chest will hold, his *God* and his gold like *Hypocrates* his *Twins*, live, and thrive, and are sick & dy together: & yet it were much to be wished he were but half so industrious to preserve the one, as he is to keep the other. Instead of laying up his treasure in Heaven, he lays up his Heaven in his Treasury, and, if God will be content with it so, he shall be sure to have his heart there too. *Covetousness*, I dare say in such as he, is the greatest *Idolatry*: I am confident he would fall down & worship the Image of a *Nero*, nay of a *Devil*, rather than want the single penny that beares it. You will have much adoe to convince him of the truth of the *Apostles* proposition, That godliness is great gaine, except you will grant him that this is a Logical Conversion, and not to be questioned that great gain is godliness. If with the *Silver-smith* he can by his craft get his wealth, then shall *Religion* become his trade, and the *Church* his forge: But till then you must give him leave to be a worshiper of his great Goddess *Diana* So far is he from putting in practice that good

good & wholesome advice, to be careful in nothing, but in every thing to give thanks: that he dares never read the text but backwards *Give thanks for nothing, but in every thing be careful.* He cannot esteem it a true piece of providence to make the day content with its own labour, but on the contrary he gives every day the trouble of caring for many years, & therefore is ready to phancy himself far from the *Rich Fools* condition in the *Gospel*, because he never yet could allow his *Soul* her *Requiem*, or thinke that he had enough for many yeares.

He takes much more paines to leave his Children rich than good, & had rather give them a portion then a blessing. The main advice he gives them is to be thrifty and good husbands, let them make themselves godly and good Christians. All the learning he intends to bestow upon them, is so much *Latine* as will fit them for understanding a *Bond*, and so much *Arithmetick* as may secure them from the dishonesty of an unjust Steward. If he suppose the booke may be made a thrifty diversion to keep them from the greater expence of the *Tavern* or their game. He may perhaps allow something toward

to ward a *study*. And (be sure) he will be carefull enough, to give them so much *Law* as may be sufficient to *maintain* their own *rights*, and *rack* their *Tenants*.

If he go constantly to *Church*, 'tis more to *serve himself* then his *God*, Often because he hopes by being his frequent *Auditor*, he may *oblige* the *Parson* to let him his *Tithes* at a *low rate*, or to *believe* him a man of *conscience*, that so he may *defraud* him of his *dues* without *suspicion*. For the most part this *Gentleman* is the *Patron*, or has the *Impropriation*, and yet, whilest he and his family grow *fat* by feasting upon the *bread* of the *Altar*, he grudges him who dispenses *freely* of the *bread of life* the very *crums* that fall from his *table*. The *Church* of *God* thus often *starves* for want of food whilest such *dogs* eat up the *childrens bread*: Such mens whole *lives* are but so many *continued Sacriledges*, and all they can allege for themselves comes but to this, that they hold their *sin* as their *land*, by right of *inheritance* from their *Ancestors*: Their *coffers* grow full by robbing the *Sanctuary*, & at every meal with their *sacrilegious* teeth, like so many ravenous *Wolves* or *Vultures*, they *teare* in  
pieces



pieces the *Body* of Christ's languishing spouse: but let her *dy*, the provident Gentleman had rather see her *Carkeſs* then his chests grow empty; and if by her death he may peaceably enjoy her *revenues*, he will hardly *mourn*, but as such enriched heirs use to do, at her *funeral*.

It is long since this good man turned charity out of doors, as an *unthrifty Housewife*, and one that made it her business to *throw* all away. The *poor* come & go about his gates, as hungry birds about a painted *Vine*, at best they meet with an *hard crust* and *harder language*. He loves not thus to *lend* his money, though it be to the *Lord*, except he would give him *bond* to return him *eight* in the *hundred* here in this world. When our *Saviour* tells him of an *hundred* for *one* here below, & *eternal life* hereafter in Heaven, he hath as little *faith* to believe, as *patience* to wait for such a reward: yet he could almost wish, upon condition the *former* part of the promise might be made good to him, *without persecution*; that the *latter* might be reserved for such who can fancy a *God* in Heaven, better than a *thousand pound* in hand.

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If this Gentleman can but so far deny himself as to do no open violence or injury to any man, if he can arrive at the degree of *Christianity* which will enable him to reach the negative part of *Justice* and *charity*, he is apt to think he has made a fair progress in the way to Heaven. And yet (God knows) he ordinarily mistakes this part too. For to win another's estate by some quillet in the Law, or by bribing a Judge, to over-reach his poor neighbour in a hard bargain; to take advantage of a needy persons present necessity, and accordingly raise the price of his Commodity; to exact first more than he is able to pay, and then make him pay use for his disability; to send a poor naked soul to Bridewell instead of an hospital, to the Stocks instead of a Bed, to call him knave & vagabond, that he may have a pretence not to relieve him: to suffer a languishing creature to dye in the street, whilest he had enough to spare wherewith to feed and cloath him; Or to permit a breach in the walls of Jerusalem, when a small sum out of his purse would repair it; These he can by no means reckon amongst the species of injustice, or as defects in charity, but therefore

fore counts all good duties as things *unnecessary* & no way obliging, indeed because *chargable* and seemingly *burthensome*, and such as contradict that thrifty *forecast*, and necessary *providence* he holds himself tyed to maintain. He thinks it a greater degree of *wisdom* to trust Gods *providence* now for some *miraculous* relief of the *present* poor, then to rely upon it for the *after-enrichment* of his posterity.

Certainly this is the thing that passeth so currently for *providence*, even among those who are counted the *wiser* & more *religious* sort of our *English Gentlemen*: but if this can belong to *Christianity*, then must *covetousness* and a *worldly* mind be reckoned amongst our *Christian virtues*. It is (alas) too evident what good friends such *vertues* & such *Gentlemen* have been of late to our *Jerusalem*, whilest our *richest gallantrie* has all along, in these calamitous times, chosen rather, by a kind of *constrained bounty* to reward the *Demolishers*; then *voluntarily* to part with a *farthing* to pay the *builders* of our ruined *Sion*. Besides this, it is not a little to be feared that those many *contrary Oathes* and *Engagements*, *Vows* and *Pro-*

testations, which with the help of this *sauce of providence* have been so readily *swallowed* (I fear I may say) by the greatest part of our Gentry, will at last expose their *Souls* within no less to *corruption*, then the contrary *qualities* do their *bodies* without. O how happy might this poor *Nation* have been even to this day, had not the rich *Gentleman*, under pretence of a *Naturall affection*, and a *necessary providence*, set an higher estimate upon his own *chest*, than the *Ark of God*; upon his own *Barn*, then the *Lords Temple*; had he not loved his *interest* more than his *religion*, the *safety* of his *body* more then the *salvation* of his *soul*, his *natural children* more then his *Heavenly Father*, and his *money* above them all.

#### §. 4. *The Prudent Gentleman.*

By this short view I have given you of the *provident Gentleman*, I suppose you will grant him to be none of those we may call the *best*, or such as it might be wished, we had *many* of in our *Nation*. And truly the *Prudent Gentleman*, I mean him who is now adays known by that name, is not of a much *nobler dye*: very often you shall find him

him to be the very *same* alwaies very *neer* of *kind* to the former. Cowardise is as much afraid to be *known*, and therefore as loath to walk without her mask as *covetousness*, and would as gladly arrogate to her self the *never* more abused *names*, then now, of a *wise caution*, and a *Christian prudence*; as that *other* of a *virtuous thrift* and *necessary providence*.

Instead of being (as *wisdom* commanded his *Disciples*) *wise as serpents*, Gentlemen are become meer *Serpents in wisdom*, and have rendred themselves very capable of that commendable *character*, which was long ago given to the *Serpent*, *They are more subtle then all the beasts of the field*; and the *prudence*, they boast of, & under which they vail a *carnal mind*, and a *carking cowardly soul*, is nothing else but a *worldly policy*, or rather a *Devillish subtlety*. They have made one half of the text quarrel with and juttle the other quite out of their *Bibles*, advancing the *wisdom* of the *serpent* to so high and *intense* a degree, that it cannot admit the *least* proportion of the *holy Doves* more necessary *innocence*. Such a *foraminous* piece of *Net-work* has *Christian prudence* been

been made of late, that these *glib serpentin Politicians* can so wind themselves in & out at pleasure, as if they meant neither God nor man should ever know certainly where to have them.

It is a very famous piece of the *Gentlemans* prudence to endeavour to out-wit an *All-wise* God, and to go about to put fallacies upon him out of his own word, often making even Gods most righteous precepts the topicks of his disobedience. How frequently endeavours he to cloak the violation of one law, by a pretended obedience to another, and by setting Gods commands at variance one with another, thinks to steal away his beloved sin, and not to be taken notice of? He dares not take up his cross and follow Christ, least he should become *felo de se*, accessory to his own death: nor knows he how to forsake Father and Mother for Christs sake, without a breach of the V. commandment, which binding him to honour both he cannot see how he may in any sense forsake either. He dares not part with houses & lands, for fear he might seem to despise Gods good blessings; nor hazard his estate in the vindication of his Religion & his Loyalty, least he should

should be said to have thereby *thrown away* the *opportunities* of expressing his *bounty* & his *charitie*. He knows how much he is obliged not to *denie Christ before men* and to *give an account* of his *faith* to such as *demand* it of him; but then he produces a *text* which tells him of *dayes wherein the prudent shall keep silence*, and these *dayes* he supposes still *present*, whensoever his *person* or *estate* may be *endanger'd* by an *open heart*, or an *ingenious tongue*. He will be ready to suffer *persecution* for the *gospel of Christ*, and, with *St. Paul*, to be *bound* and to *dye*: but this must only be when his *prudence* is at a *loss*, & he can find out no way *just* or *unjust* to avoid all this. As long as there are *shifts* enow left him, such as *dissembling language*, *covert engagements*, *cunning flatteries*, *treacherous compositions*, *pettie contributions*, *under-hand compliances*, in things both *Civil* and *Religious*, he thinks he wants no *honest evasions*, to secure both *life* & *livelyhood*. Thus he is content to set him down in *quietness*, whilest the *enemies of Gods Church* advance in *troops* and *armies* against her; and thinks it enough, when he can say he *wishes* all well, & *praies* for the *peace of Jerusalem*.



It were no *prudènce* openly to declare his *opinion*, or to *act* on any side; alas he is but *one single* man, and *one's* as good as *none* against the stream of the *multitude*, not considering that where *one* does not *joyn* with *one*, there can be no *multitude*. There are *other* champions enow in the world to vindicate her quarrell, such as have no *estates* to look after, no *families* to provide for, when if all were of his *mind*, there would not be so much as *one*, and besides, who has greater reason to *labour* than he that has already received so great a *share* of his *wages*? What though he freely *gives* away a large portion of his *goods* to the enemies of God? it is but the way to *secure* the rest for *better* purposes. What though he be constrained with fair *speeches* to *flatter* up the *transgressors* in their iniquities? his *heart*, for all this shall be for God, his *prayers* for the *Church*, and he is as good a *Christian*, and as *loyal* a *subject* *within*, as the best. Alas, 'tis no great matter to *comply* a little in outward things, to lay an hand upon a *Bible*, to *invoak* the *sacred Name* of God, and *seemingly* to renounce *Religion* and *Loyalty*; God knows he *intends* no such matter,

matter, but only takes this course to keep his *Family* from ruine, and to preserve himself *safe and whole* to do *God* and his *Church* more service hereafter.

It is all one with him to go to *Church* or *Convincticle*, so he may by frequenting either be thought to *favour the Religion in Fashion*, and not to be suspected an *Enemy* to the *God* that *rules*; the *man in power* with a *sword* in his *hand*. He can take a great deale of *paines*, rise *early*, and go *far*, to encourage a *seditions* Lecture, and when *Sermon's* done, with an *Hypocritical* face *smile* upon the *Preacher*, and *inviting* him home with him witness his *thanks* and *approbation* in a *good dinner*: but he holds it *imprudence* to frequent the *true worship* and *service* of *God*, which the *excellency* thereof and the *command* of his *superiours* commends to his *conscience*, lest he should be thereby thought *ill affected* to that *Religion*, which he would have *good men* believe his *soul* *abhors*. He dares countenance *Rebellion* and *sacriledge* both with his *tongue* and *purse*; but esteems it *dangerous*, and therefore (without all doubt) *Imprudence*, to contribute so much as a *good look* to the *Encouragement*

of the truly *Religious* and *Vertuous*, lest he should be suspected by the *prosperous sinner*, an *Enemy to Treason and Wickedness*. Till we can find a way how to cast out this *Prudent Devil*, which (as the *Prophets* tells us) is wise to do *evill*, but to do good has no understanding; we shall ever hear this possessed *Gentleman* crying out with the *Demoniack* in the *Gospel*, *What have we to do with thee, Jesus thou Son of God? Why art thou come to torment us before our time?* Such a perfect Gout is this *prudent Cowardise*, that the lame *Gentleman* ever cries out at the very sight of any thing that looks like *Religion*, as if it would come too near him & touch him upon the sore place. So sad a thing is it to stand in fear of health, lest it should make us sick; to tremble at the sight of what would bring us to *Heaven*, lest we should lose our *Earth*: & to take so much anxious care to preserve the body whole, for fear a *courteous wound* should set open the door, and give the soul leave to fly out into *Heaven* and be at rest.

If such men be truly *prudent*, then are all true *Christians* unboubtedly *fools*. Or if this *over-wariness* be no more but a *prudent & Religious caution*, then are most of our *English*

glish Gentlemen (which I have not yet charity enough to believe) *Prudent Christians*. But (alas!) *Neutrality* hangs too much betwixt two, ever to come so high as *Heaven*; and a cold *indifferency* comes so far short of that necessary *zeal*, which is the unfailing consequent of true *Piety*, that it is impossible it should ever be Crown'd with eternall happiness. He that is not deeply in love with his God, cannot place his absolute felicity in the fruition of God; and he that is afraid to do any thing, or thinks it prudent to suffer nothing for him, is not in love with him. God has long agoe told the Gentleman, and all others, how much of another temper he must be who will live for ever, instructing him what an immediate contrariety there is betwixt being for God and against him; so that there can be no mean left for such a prudent *indifferency*, betwixt fighting under Christs Banner, and being the Devils Souldiers. Moderation, 'tis true, in things of *Indifferency* is a commendation, but the Gentleman needs fear as little that he can be over-zealous in a good matter here upon earth, as that he may be over-happy in Heaven. As there be no Angels but such as  
are

are either *very good*, or *very bad*, so every *Gentleman* is either a *Saint* indeed, or else *starken aught*. He that *sits still* shall come as soon to *Hell* as he that *sweats* in pursuit of it: But whosoever hopes to come to *Heaven*, he must *ever run*, and with his face *that way*, if he will be sure to *obtain*. I would wish that *Gentleman* who has not the heart to *confesse Christ before men*, to consider, how he can have the *courage* to heare *Christ* *de-saying him before his Father which is in Heaven*, or to endure those *torments* in *Hell* which he shall be sure to *undergoe* for not *confessing him here upon Earth*. Such a *Lukewarme* soule is *Nauseous* unto God, that he must at last *spue him out* into the *Bottomlesse pit*.

If this be *Christian prudence*, to secure an *Estate*, or preserve a *Family*, or save a *life* by being *frigid*, and so *Spiritlesse* in our *Profession*, as may make us *nauseated* by God, and set us at such a distance from *Heaven*; a *true Christian* shall have as little reason to *envy the Gentleman his Prudence*, as the poor *Church of England* has cause to be *proud of his Courage*.

## §. 5. The Peaceable Gentleman.

The Peaceable and *Honest natur'd Gentleman* (as many call him) is one to whom the poor *Church of Eugland* is not much more indebted for his kindnesse then to either of the former: this is *he* that is so far from being Cordially sensible of the afflictions of *Joseph*, or the desolations of *Jerusalem*, that he seems to have hardly so much of an humane spirit in him as to understand the meaning of those two words, *Happinesse & Misery*. Three parts of his time, at least he spends in sleep, as if he were resolved to die all his life long, or by this course to keep himselfe ignorant of the Concerning affairs of the world; being loath to come acquainted with the truth of those evils which he is resolved not to take any pains to remove. The other quarter of his time he carefully divides betwixt his meals and his sports, and this he calls, living a good, honest, quiet, and harmlesse life, such as hurts no body.

Sometimes he seems even to envy the very stones that constant rest which *Nature* has indulged them, whereby they are made  
uncapable

incapable of any *motion* but what is occasion'd, and that but rarely, by some *violence* from without them. If he had so much of that *Philosophy*, which tells us the *celestial bodies* are in a *perpetual motion*, as to believe it for a truth, he would for that very cause be unwilling to go to *Heaven*. When he hears of an *Eternal Sabbath* of rest for all those that go thither, he is almost persuaded to become a *Christian*, yet is he in great *straight betwixt two*, for though he love his rest too well, yet he hates the very name of *Sabbath* much more, especially when he hears *S<sup>c</sup>. John* telling him, that, the *Angels* and *glorified Saints* never cease day nor night from praising *God*.

Sometimes again he seems to grudge the poor brute *Animals* their *Irrationality*, and to share with them, endeavours by a *sordid sensuality* to degrade himself into a *Beast*, or, at least, to become as like one as *humanitie* will permit him. That he may be better acquainted with their *natures* and *dispositions*, his *Dog* and his *Horse*, or his *Hawk* henceforward become his principal companions; with these he *plaies*, and with these he *discourses*, and towards these  
(if



( if you seriously consider all his *terms of Art*, you will be ready to say ) he has his *set-formes of Complements*: and indeed his whole study is to learn readily to speak that *language* wherein he may be *understood* by the *filly animals*. When the *weather* or his *health*, or the like, will not befriend him in these exercises *abroad*, then he sits at *home*, *numbring his minutes* by the *turns* of his *Die*, or the *playing* of his *Cards*; or perhaps gets so much liberty *abroad*, as to measure out his *hours* by the motions of his *bowl*. Such a merciless *Tyrant* is he to *that* (which he fears he shall never loose or destroy fast enough) his *pretious time*; that he alwaies studies to invent variety of *executions* for it. Now he delights to *drown* it in his *Cups*, anon he *burns* it in his *Pipe*, by and by he *tramples* it under his *horses hoofs*: again he *knocks* it in the head with his *Bowl*, *tears* and *devours* it with his *Hawks* and his *Hounds*, there is nothing he will leave un-experimented, till he have certainly found out a way to prevent its *natural, honest, and commendable departure*.

These Courses he willingly allows himself in, and desires to have *all thought no more*

more or worse then his contempt of the world, and his study of retiredness from those distracting comberances thereof, which are unworthy of a *Christian* or a *Gentleman*.

Sometimes he delights to consume a great part of his time in unnecessary visits, but studies withall to make them so unprofitable as if he were desirous to have it thought men were made onely now and then to look one upon another: his *Discourse* (what there is of it) being so idle and impertinent, that it serves to no other end, then to exercise his tongue, and keep it by much motion voluble; lest for want of use he should in a short time (as he does by most good things) forget to speak. Sometimes you shall have a *Complement* from him, but huff'd up with so many hyperbolicall expressions of your worth, and of the incredible respects he has for your person, that you cannot chuse but suspect he only labours how to be disbelieved or has learned of his *Dogs* how to fawne and flatter. And thus when he has made a shift to lose an hour or two, and to trouble his friends with much impertinent talke, he returnes home again to eat & play, and sleep, and spend the remainder of his time as idly as he can.

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In a word, this sort of *Gentleman* borders so closely upom him we first described, the *Gallant*; that I shall not need to say more of him, then only this, that he has some *degrees* less of *madness* then the other: he seems as yet but to *hang* about the *doors*, and has not gain'd an *admission* into the *Societies* of *Raunters*: Nor is it because he wants a *Genius* or *inclination* to evil in the general, but rather he is beholding to *one vice* to keep him from *another*, and being wedded so much to *this*, is forced to abstaine from its *contrary*. Either he is *tyed* to his *Chest* with a *Golden Chain*, which will not allow him the liberty of *ranging* into so many *costly riots*: or else a *leadens dulness* so much oppresses his soul, that she cannot *Soare* so *high* in the vast *Region* of *Debauchery*: So that if you find him free from any *one vice*, he is to thanke the *contrary vice* and not the *vertue* for it: or at best, he owes it to an *Infirmity* of *Nature* that he is free from *both*.

Indeed for the most part this *Gentleman* is as the *Philosophers* use to say of their *first matter* though not perfectly *formed* into all those *noble qualifications* (as they are usually

usually miscall'd) of the *Compleat Gallant*, yet is he at least, in a *remote disposition* to all or any of them: As the *Polypus* is said to be alwaies of the same colour with the neighbouring *object*, or as the *Looking-glass* reflects as many different *faces* as are obviated to its own *superficies*: So is this *Gentleman* not properly *one*, but *any* body; of the *Religion*, and the *humour*, and the *fashion* of his *Companions*, as near as his own *weakness* will permit him to *imitate* them. And this is it which commonly purchases him the repute of a *Civil*, a *Courteous*, an *Affable*. a *good-natured* and *sweet-disposition'd* person: Only because he knows as little how to be *angry* with a *vice*, as how to be *guilty* of a *vertue*. Such a *Ductile*, *soft* and *Compliant* soul he has, that as the *Wax* to the *Seal*, he would fain *smile* upon every man in his *own* face, and *speak* with every one in his *own* language: He *Complements*, and *Praises*, and *Flatters*, and performs *all* the offices of a *Gentleman*, as his *shadow* in the *glass*, only by *reflection*. For a *fair word* he will part with his *own soul*, and with a *fair word* he does often occasion the *ruine* of many more: whilest he loves as much to flatter *others* up  
in

in *their* wickedness, as to be flattered up by *others* in his own. Say and do what you will (soe you injure not his person or estate, nor rob him of his beloved ease) you are sure to have his *approbation*, and if for this he may have *yours*, he thinks it a reward and encouragement great enough. But I leave him.

§. 6. *The Stately Gentleman.*

There is yet *another* that challenges a room in this paper, and truly deserves the place as much as any: If he will not be *angry*, and in a rage *swear* to burn the paper, when he finds himself set in the *last* and *lowest* place; all's well enough. And this is that *Stately* and *Majestick* he, whom I dare hardly name, lest he should take it as an *affront* for though he *hunts* after a name and reputation amongst all men, yet he looks upon it as a kind of *disparagement* of his *vertues*, and an *undervaluing* of his *Honour*, to hear his name from any mouth but his own. But most of all he esteems it *prophaned*, when mention'd by persons so *inconsiderable*, as all those of our *Colour*, unto such as  
himself

himself have ever appear'd.

This is he who thinks himself as much too good to be a *Christian*, as he thinks all *Christians* too mean to be accounted *Gentlemen*. His onely God is his *Honour*, and to give it something of a *Diety*, he phancies it to be *singular*, and that there is none others besides it, when (alas!) this *Idol* too is just nothing. But such is the strange *Omnipotence* of *Pride* and *Ambition*, this Gentleman can first create to himself a God out of nothing, and then fall down and worship the idolized vanity which his own ridiculous phancy has thus set up. That he does indeed more esteem this shadow than the true God, he too loudly affirms in all his *Oaths*; for when he intends what he saith shall unquestionably pass for serious and creditable, he swears by his *Honour* and *Reputation*: Other *Oaths* he hath enough, by the *Glorious Majesty* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, which are but too literally the burthen of his discourse; these (as we said of the *Gallant*) he uses not for confirmation of the truth, but as the sportive recreation of his tongue, and the graces and ornaments of good Language.

He it is, that (wheresoever he be) will see  
that

that *all* men do there *duties*, but *himselfe*. And he doth *sometimes* well herein, except, when by a *proud mistake* he calls an *unmerited respect* to his own *supposititious vertues* the *indispensable dutie*. He looks that *all men* should observe as great a *distance* from his *person*, as he is resolved to do from their *vertues*; or as if *alreadie* he were (where I wish by the much dispised grace of *humilitie* he may *at last* be found) in *Heaven*. He expects no *lesse observance* and *reverence* from his *Tenants*, then if he were not only Lord but *Creator* of the *Mannor*, as though he would be thought as much *master* of the *Universe*, as he is the *slave* of his own *Ambition*. He *walkes* up and downe so *wantonly* & *affectedly*, as if he intended thereby principally to *demonstrate* to the *world* his great *perfections* and *excellency*, that he must take much *paines* to do *amiss*. This *Lordly Sir*, so long as he can but get a *cap* and a *kyee* from his *Inferiors*, and the *chair* at every meeting with his *bettters*, he thinks that all the *blesings* of *Heaven* (though a *Crowne* of *Glory* be one of them) can *adde* nothing to his *Honour*. Were it but for *this one* reason, he would never make it his *businessse* to come  
*thither,*



*thither*, because he may justly *despaire* of ever being the *best* man *there*. If it may be conferred upon him as an *honorary* reward; and upon the *meritorious* claim of his *vertues*, he will perhaps be *content* to weare the *Crowne*; but as a *gift* he *scorns* it, lest he should *draw* upon himself an *obligation* to the *Donor* by accepting it. And as his *wages* he *scorns* no lesse to acknowledge it, for as he has not by any labour *earn'd* it, so is he afraid to be look'd upon to his *God* in the relation of a *servant*.

In short, this *Gentleman* phancies himself endow'd with such a *transfigurative* excellency, that ( as the *Philosophers Stone*, once *found*, should turne all things it touch'd into Gold ) he supposes it able to turn all things into *Gentile* and *excellent* w<sup>ch</sup> he is in love with: All his *vices*, whatever deformity the *dull* eye of the world apprehends to be in them, his *over-weaning* humor looks upon as no lesse then the most *absolute* of all *vertues*: and he conceits himself so *immoveably* fixed and settled upon the highest *Pinacle* of *Honour*, that *baseness* it selfe shall never have any power to *degrade* him. Thus ever conceiting himself placed at so great a  
height

*height*, it is no great wonder if he become so giddy at length in all his actions, and beholding others at so great a distance. I marvel not, that he begins to see men like Moles upon the earth, and to think them all so blind, that they cannot discern his vanity. This indeed it is that makes him thinke nelther Church nor State worth his regarding, he can with dry eyes behold both vessels split at once, and in the mean time flatter himselfe up with the Devilish hopes of Enriching his Ambition by the miserable Wrack.

This is he, that thinks it no injustice to rob the whole world, and rife the store-house of Nature to adorn his Body and humour his Palate; to wear the portions and livelyhoods of (I know not how many) Orphans and Widdows in a Band-string; and carry the lives and fortunes of many languishing souls upon his little finger. I wish that whilest hee casts so scornfull an eye upon these poor naked Beggars, he would but seriously consider how many of their contemptible rags he hath picked up together, to patch up all that bravery upon his own back; whilst either his oppression occasion'd, or  
his

his *uncharitableness* prolong'd their *lamentable* condition. He makes indeed almost the whole *creation club* to maintaine his *Ambition*, and returns a *derision* in requital.

This Gentlemans chief *pastime* and *sport*, whereby he makes himself *merry*, is to laugh at two sorts of men, the *Godly* and the *Poore*, the one as a *Pracisian*, and he that has *unmann'd* himselfe by too much *Religion*, the other as the *out-cast* of *fortune*, or a man intended by *Nature* for nothing else, but by his *labour* to make him *rich*, and by his *ignorance* to make him *merry*. The *Black-coat* or *Parson* (for by these names he thinks he does sufficiently pay the *Divine* & *Scholar*) he ever looks upon with as much *Superciliousness* and *disdaine*, as if the very colour of his *Coat* were odious, and an *Eye-sore* to him, or as if because *shame* and *fear* keep him from *immediate* and *direct* *Blasphemie*, he were resolved to expresse his *spleen* against God himselfe, by despighting his *servants*. He is seldome or never his *Auditor* but when he has a mind to *sleep*, or is disposed to be *merry*, and then he comes to *Church* and there worships God just as he honours his *Ministers* out of it: Nay he is unwilling

unwilling to allow his God that ordinary civility, which and much more he expects from his owne Chaplain, that of a Cap and a Knee: Or if his breeding have taught him more manners, then his piety has reverence, then shall all his Religion be pent up into this one poore ceremony, and so he makes his worship all one with his complement.

This is he, whose intolerable pride makes every thing that is not the very basest kind of flatterie, passe for an Affront, and an high piece of Disrespect unto his Person. For this immediately he studies a revenge, which he has learn'd to call a necessary vindication of his Honour. What excellent Chymistry is there in such deluded Nobility, which can extract a Spirit of Honour out of the very dunghill of unworthinesse; and find so admirable a sweetnesse, in that which cannot be thought better then the very Ordure and Excrement of Ambition, Malice and Envie, I mean Revenge. Let but the least circumstance of that respect, he supposes due, be omitted, and presently there flies out a Challenge, and for the most part so vauntingly worded, as if he meant his breath or his Ink should do more execution then his sword.

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by this means he makes his first thrust at his adversaries very *heart*, that so he may wound his *courage* before they meet, and cause his *hart* to faile him before the *Encounter*; for this indeed is often the onely way his late mentioned *temeritie* uses to leave him for the securing of his *Reputation*. But if so be his *courage* stand upon the same level with his *Ambition*, 'tis nothing but the death or disgrace of his *Antagonist*, will assuage his *fury*, in the field therefore he often sends his *body* to the *Grave*, and his owne *Soul* to *Hell* at a blow. This is his *Gallantry*, and this the necessary *vindication* of his *Honour*, which is so tender, that every thing, except it have in it the unworthy *softnesse* of the most *servile* *compliances* with his owne unconstant *humour*, rends *sports* or grieves it: and which nothing can wash cleane, or make whole again but the *heart-blood* of him who durst give the *Affront*.

I hope he will not take it as such, if I make bold here to take my leave of him; I have neither *leisure* nor *patience* to trace him through the wild *Labirinth* of his *Pride*, wherein he has long ago with no small *complacency* lost himselfe, and all things which  
 looke

looke like *vertue*. I wish men, whom he studies to *provoke* into a *madness* equall with his own, may ever have that high *charity* for this *Gentleman*, which I have now; then should they answer all his *challenges* with this *prayer*, that God would give him more *courage*, then to suffer himself to be thus basely *affronted*, and *domineer'd* over by so *dangerously* insulting a *Passion*, without the least *Essay* towards the just *vindication* of that *Name* and *Honour* which alone are valuable,

S. 7. *The conclusion of this part*

I should as much *tyer* you (*Sir*) as my selfe, should I *run* (though with never so much *hast*) over all the particulars of the *Gentleman's* *vanity* and *madness*; which are so *inseparably*, for the most part, *interwoven* one within another, that I fear I may already seem too *absurd*, by dividing them into so many *Sects* and *Species*. The *plaine* truth is, *Vice* seemes to be that very *blood* which *Gentility* so much *boast* of, that which conveyes it selfe through all the *Gentlemans* *veins* and is dispersed into all the severall

*members of the body, in a measure suitable to the capacitie of each. Or rather you may call it the common-soul which informs and actuates the whole body of Galantrie: and which is communicated to the particular members thereof, not by an execution, or distribution of parts and degrees, but (to borrow once more the Philosophers phrase) it is wholly in the whole, and wholly in every part of the whole. If the great variety & diversitie of operations will yet needs plead for a further distinction, we must say, what we use to say of the various actings of the same soule: This diversitie ariseth not from a multiplicity of Souls and Principles, but from the many powers and faculties of that one soule, and the various dispositions and qualities of the Materiall Organs.*

Really, Sir, the Gentleman we have hitherto spoken of, is but the more curious and costly instrument of sin, and would appeare such a breathless thing without it, that a man might wel question whether or no he would be found an animated being. For ought that I can yet discover, he has no more motions then what vice gives him, excepting that which he expresses when he is a sleep, which  
( setting



( setting aside his *excesse* therein ) is almost the *only* thing wherein hee lookes like a man.

To give you therefore the *Conclusion* of this whole *Character*, call him *any thing*, but what he *would* be call'd, and you can hardly *miscall* him: for indeed he is almost *any thing* but what he *would* be thought to be. A *Gentile* thing, made to weare fine clothes, and throw away much *money*: to *eate* the *best* and *drinke* the *best*, and *doe* the *worst*: one that seemes to have beene sent into the world, to help *away* with the *superfluities* of *Nature*; and by his *Intemperance* to *devour* all those *temptations* which might *allure others* to the like *sin*. He knows no *shame* but that which arises from *singularity*, nor any *singularity*, but in *doing* and *living well*.

§. 8. *A more particular application of this Character to our present English Gentleman.*

It has, alas! been but too true in all Ages, that to be *Great*, and to be *Good*, are *two*: and never was there more undeniable

able demonstration of this truth, then in the present Gentleman of England, to the no lesse dishonour of the whole Nation, then disparagement of his own name in particular. Whilest there is nothing more his talke and his boasting, then his blood, and his breeding, and yet nothing lesse his care then to dignifie the one, or make a right use of the other. How few of those Gentlemen have we now to show, who dare make it their business and their glory to be serviceable to their God, their Country, or the Church, or that have breasts full of that Heroick courage and magnanimitie, that may embolden them to renounce a sin that is profitable, or in fashion? How rarely are the men to be met with, who indeed have a reall sense, of any thing but their Meat, and Drinke, their Apparel, and their Game? Except you will instance in some of their most notorious vices wherein indeed they do too rarely emulate, and labour to out-vie each other.

Heretofore when this shatter'd Nation was a well cemented Kingdome, and enjoy'd those (then slighted, but now much desired) blessings of peace and plenty, how by a studied abuse of those great mercies did the  
Gentleman

*Gentlemen* ever dare Almighty God to punish him or his Nation! And now that a sad and long experience of their Contraries has made him feel, though he will not yet be truly sensible of, the lamentable consequences and effects of his former bold wickedness, how does he instead of *confessions, petitions* and *vows*, draw up, as it were, his *Remonstrance* against his God, and wages an open warre with *Heaven*, endeavouring to force the *Almighty* unto a composition, and that upon the most unacceptable termes in the world? It is too manifest (alas) to any eye, how little holiness has beene the Product of those Judgements which have doubtlesse among other sins, been the especiall punishments of the Gentlemans *Luxurie* and *prophaneness*. We heare him indeed very frequently crying out upon these sad times but too seldome reflecting upon those much worse men who occasion'd them, Like a churlish Dog, snarling at him that beats him, but never considering whose the fault was that caused the beating. I know not, I confesse, what should make the Gentleman so *Atheisticall* in all his Actions, as either formerly he has been, or now is, Except

God's *mercy* on the one hand perswaded him he could never be *provoked* unto *Judgment*; or his *Judgements* on the other that he can never be *reconciled* in *mercy*, except he dares think the *benefits* he formerly enjoyed *greater* then a *just* God could possibly confer upon so *unworthy* a *sinner*: or the present *Judgements* he now smarts under, rather the *crossness* of an unkind *Fortune*, then the *tokens* of an incensed *wrath* of an *Angry* God Whence else should he be either so *stupid* or *unnatural*, as either to live *thankfully* under the *former*, nor *penitently* under the *latter*?

§. 9. *The Winner and Loser in these Times.*

I find *two* sorts of such *Gentlemen*, one is the *Winner*, the other is the *Lofer*, in this *late game* ( for indeed we have all along *sported* our selves in our own *miseries* ) which has been *plaid* in *England*.

The *former* of these thinks himselfe much *too happy* already, to become now *holy*, The *fortunate successe* which he hath had in his *sin*s, make him onely *repent* that he practised.

fed them no sooner; and the taking away of Religious pretences, makes him sorry for nothing but that he was no earlier an Hypocrite: It is a very sad thing to consider what foule tricks this Politick Jugler every day plaies behind the glorious hangings of these Religious pretences: what deadly poysons he has sent abroad into the world in this perfumed breath. This Gentlemans onely Religion is his Art of Dissimulation: the faire gilt which makes his Copper Coyn to passe so currently. O what a chargeable commodity has this Legerdemaine beene to our little world! whilest they who have it, purchased it at no lower rate, then that of all sincerity and honesty; and they that will live safe by them, must become as very Knaves as themselves. That garment of Religion w<sup>ch</sup> is now worne, and in Fashion with these men, is of a very slight stufte, and indeed by long wearing and often piecing is so very full of diversly colour'd patches, that it is hard to say which is that, which belong'd at first to the whole: Aud whence is all this, but from the Gentlemans scorning the good and strong lining of Morality (so much now a daies decried by the most)

which would have held all much longer together: He is the onely *Saint* in the world (if you will believe himself) and the *Morall-man* is no companion for him. O how many faire *Estates* and glorious *Churches* has this mans *furious* zeal reduced to *ashes*? and yet, alas, the long promised *Phoenix* of *Reformation* appears not yet. How many *Palaces* & *Temples* has his *Piety* defaced? How many rich *treasuries* has his *selfe-deniall* plunder'd? And whence all this, but because *Robbery* and *Sacriledge* are much more profitable appendages of his *Religion*, then the more costly formalities, and expensive superstitions of the oiber? To how many *Sons of Rebellion* has that one plausible pretence of *Christian liberty*, by this *Gentleman*, been made the *Mother*? And yet for all this is our *Freedom* but still in *Idea*, and our happinesse a *Phancy*.

How *dearly* has the *Church* paid for the *New coining* of this *Language*, and refining his *prophaness* and *Ribaldry* into *disimulation* and *canting*? O what an enriching commodity is *hypocrisy*, which has set up so many *broken tradesmen* in the world *compleat Gentlemen*? And extracted our most refined

*refined Nobility* out of the very drosse of the people! Indeed if to be rich be to be a gentleman; if to be crafty be to be prudent; if to dissemble be the high way to be Saimed: and to be fortunate the sole felicity, which terminates the hopes, and must crown the endeavours of a Christian: if the feares and cowardice of fools and sinners, and the scorne and pittie of the wise and good, will make a man truly honourable, who hath no foundation, of his owne whereon to build a Reputation, then is this prosperous and thriving Gentleman, and none but such as he, the true Gentleman of our Nation.

But the Gentleman on the losing side will, I know, think it too much (as well he may) that another should grow so Honorable at his cost and charges, and give him so few thanks for his Honour when he has it. He is no lesse troubled to thinke how he shall yeild him so much honour now, then he was to part with his estate to him a while agoe. But then, alas! what does this Gentleman, who (with no small passion) calls himself a looser, towards the regaining of what he has lost? truly just the same, which at first occasioned the losse it selfe: as if not being Evil, but



but *evill* to a *lesse degree* had been the *onely* cause of all his sufferings; and the way to remove his *afflictions* were to be ten times more a *sinner* than before : He behaves himselfe under the *correcting* hand of God as if he thought, the mercifull God did *onely* chastize his children to make them cry and complaine of his unkindnesse, not at all to make them *sensible* of their *errours*, or forsake their *wickednesse*. Certainly such *resentments* of Gods dealings with us is a *stubbornesse*, not a *penitence*; and such a *preposterous* improvement of Gods *deserved* judgments, is the way to provoke him unto more and greater, not to *perswade* him to withdraw the *lesse* and *lighter*. O that the *suffering* Gentleman would but seriously thinke of this! who growes daily (as 'tis visible in all his actions) worse by *correction*; and only *swears* at, and *curses* his oppressors, instead of *fasting* and *praying* for the pardon of his *offences*. He takes it to be an undeniable *priviledge* of *Loosers* to talke what they list, though never so *prophanely* : and looks upon this *time* of his sorrowes as the chiefe opportunity of serving himself, and easing his heart by all kinds of *merriment*: and there-fore

fore he makes haſt to *drinke* and *play* away the *cares*, and the ſcant *reliques* of his *eſtate* together. Neither yet can I believe he would be halfe ſo bad as he is, were it not more in *oppoſition* to his *enemy*, then out of *love* to his own *vices*. He often abhors and abſtains from the vices of *other men*, not (as good Chriſtians doe) for the *ſinnes* ſake, but for the *ſinners*; from *whom* he endeavours to ſet himſelf at ſuch a diſtance, that he never reſts till he be gotten into the contrary extreme, and often into the more *ſcandalous*, though not alwaies the more *dangerous* of the two. As if *vice* could have no *opposite* but of its own name, nor any meanes were left him to become one way better then his adverſaries, but by being another way worſe. Was the former an *Hypocrite*? He, leſt he ſhould be thought ſo too, will be *openly prophane*. If the one will not *ſwear* or *kiſſe* the *Booke* when called to it by a *lawfull* Authority; the other to be croſſe, will ſwear a thouſand *idle oathes* againſt Gods expreſſe *command*. Thus betwixt them do they labour to ſhow the world what a *Latitude* there is in *Atheiſme*.

I might to these very seasonably here adde a third person, one that has play'd his Cards so well, that he is neither *Looser* nor *Winner* in this *sad game*. One, who (I am sure) has done as little good, as he thinks he has done hurt to any body: who still makes a shift to lie *lurking* in some *hole* or other till the *sport* (as he calls it, whilest it touches not him,) may be over, so he can but sleep in a whole skin, and with a full purse, he takes no thought how the world goes: What my thoughts are of this quiet Soule, I shall have told you sufficiently by saying thus much, he loves his *ease* and *safety* better than his *God*. If you desire to read him more at large, I must intreat you to cast your eye a little back, and with the *Provident, Prudent* or *Peaceable Gentleman*, you will be sure to find him.

S. 10. *How good English men such Gentlemen are.*

And now (Sir) how much reason the poore Church or Kingdome of England has to brag of her *Gentry*, I think I have abundantly told you. Her richest Sons do not  
 alwaies

allwaies prove the most affectionate and Naturall to their Disconsolate Mother. But indeed daily aggravate her griefe and sorrow, by their prodigal courses, & most barbarous behaviour. What do they lesse then with the ungratefull Mule, hourly kick at the paps which give them suck? And with the bloody Tyrant, whose Character it was, to be a lump of dirt kneaded up together in blood, they have torne out the very Bowels of a most Compassionate and indulgent Mother. Our Church may very well complaine of some who would be thought her own Sons, as God of his ungratefull people of old, She has brought up Children and they have rebelled against her, and among all the sons she has nursed up, there is none to pittie her, or lead her by the band. When they were full and waxen fat, then they forgot God; and now that some of them are leane enough, nay as the fat kine in Pharohs vision, even eaten up of the very leanest cattle in the Nation, yet being so many waies smitten they do but revolt more and more. It will be a mercy rather then a Judgment, if God vouchsafe to smite them once againe.

Thus, whilest one is ignorant and can do nothing,

nothing, another *Lazy* and will do nothing, a third *Cowardly* and dare do nothing: whilest one is so *prudent* he thinkes it no *wisdom*, another so *covetous* he holds it not *providence*, a third so *Lordly* he accounts it, below him to doe any thing but what may foment his own sinful inclinations. Whilest one is too *voluptuous*, another too *worldly*, a third too *ambitious*; whilest one has a *Wife*, another a *Farme*, a third a *Dog*, and the fourth a *Pot*; It will ever either *misbecome* their *dignity*, or *cross* their *interest*, or *hinder* their *calling*, or *injure* their *Families*, or *thwart* their *humours* (and indeed *there's* the *main let* of all the rest) to follow *Christ*, or take care of his *Sponse*. God give them *grace* betimes to *love her* better, in whose *armes* alone they can hope to be *safe* from the roaring *Lion*; and to abandon those *Dalilaes* which so long as they *court*, they can neither *love Her*, nor *secure themselves*! In a word, I shall put up for them a *short* prayer but a *full* one, if they would but understand it--God make them all such as *Gentlemen* should be! And what that is, I shall now endeavour, to the best of my skill, to tell you: though both for want of  
Age

*Age and breeding*, I must necessarily come as far short of him, I would describe, as I have been all this while *above* that other, whom our *Nation* had been more happy, never to have known. the *Gentlemans* virtues are as much *above* my reach, as the *Gallants* braveries *below* his imitation.

SECT. III.

The true Gentleman.

§. I. *An Apologetical Introduction.*

**B**EING now (Sir) to give you the *True Gentlemans* character you might very justly expect to meet with something truly like the *Subject, High, and Noble*. He is indeed too sacred a thing to be touched by so common a pen; every slip whereof can be deemed no less than a prophanation of his wroth, who is the liveliest image which God has left us of himself upon any of his *Creatures*. However, seeing where there is so venerable an *Excellency*, as all *Encomiums* may be thought *Folly and Presumption*, so can silence be judged no less a *Sacrilege*: seeing we use to offer unto *Heaven*, not so much what we owe, as what we may, I think it much better becomes me

me to say that little I can, then just nothing; and to tell you, if not what the Gentleman is, yet at least so much of his greatness, as falls to my share to understand. I had much rather be censured for committing such a pious error than be condemned for the wilfull omission of so necessary a duty. I dare not suspect the Gentlemans goodness to be of a lesse extent than my ignorance; and therefore I doubt not but he can pardon as often as I through weakness shall offend. Where I erre, let him think it was the brightness of my subject which dazzled the eyes and occasioned me to stumble. Where my expressions fall low and flat, I do beg of him that he would impute it to that Reverence which I bear unto his virtues, which commands my pen to keep its Distance.

I hope you will not blame me for this Apologie, for I would gladly keep off as long as I can, when I cannot draw off without a necessity of erring. Even in this short preamble you may be pleased to read something of the Gentlemans Character to wit, such a Greatness, as commandes a Distance and Reverence and such a candour as can  
pardon



Pardon a *failing*; and (which is indeed the summe of all I have to say) such a *Man* as is truly a *Gentleman*. Which name speaks all that beares a *contrariety* to the thing we lately spoke of, whose very name is such a compleat *Summary* of all *Vices*, that there is but one thing left to *denominate* the true *Gentleman*; I mean, an absolute *Combination* of all *virtues*. All which I can confer to his *Character*, will amount to no more then an *imperfect paraphrase* upon his *Name*; and as much as I understood of this take as follows.

§. 2. *His generall Character.*

The *True Gentleman* is one, that is as much more, as the *false* one is less, then what to most he seems to be. One who is alwaies so far from being an *hypocrite*, that he had rather appear in the eyes of others just nothing, then not be every thing which is indeed truly *virtuous* and *noble*. He is a man whom that most *Wise King*, he best resembles, has fitted with a *Character*. A man of an *excellent spirit*. This is he whose *brave* and *noble* soul sores high above the  
ordinary.

ordinary reach of *mankind*, that seems to be a distinct *Species* of himself. He scorns so much the *vices* of the world, that he will hardly stoop to a *virtue* which is not *Heroick*; or if he do, it is by his good *improvement* of it to make it so. He is one to whom all *honour* seems *cheap*, which is not the *reward* of *virtue*: and he had much rather *want* a name than not *deserve* it.

ON This Gentleman is indeed a person truly great, because truly good; His Honour is of too excellent a nature to be supposed the Creature of any thing besides his own *virtues*; and those virtues too eminent to be esteemed less than the most refined actions of so great a soul. He is no less the glory of *mankind* than man the glory of the whole sublunary Creation. One that would every way deservedly be accounted more than what is *humane*, were not one Part of him mortal; however it is his first care and endeavour to make this mortal part of him such, as may make it apparent to the world, how great an *Excellency* may be the companion of so much *frailty*,

Till he may be so happy as to enjoy the *Heaven* he hopes for, he does what he can to

be

be an *Heaven* to himself and by his extraordinary pains so *beautifies* his soul with all *Cælestial* accomplishments, that he needs only *die* to be in *Heaven*; and seems to want nothing of those glorious *Spirits* which dwell there, but only to be *without* a *bodie* and as *high* as they.

He looks upon himself whilest in *this* world as no more then a *probationer* in the *School of Honour*, and makes it his businesse so to *behave* himself at present, that he may be sure of an *admission* into that true *Honour* (when the *Day* comes) which will be as *certain* and *durable*, as *true* and *great*: Well knowing that the only way to be *Lord* of *many* things, is to be *faithfull* in these *few* wherewith he is now intrusted.

*His Soul* is so truly *great* and *Capacious*, that nothing but an *Heaven* and *Eternity* can fill it: so nobly *high* are all his thoughts: that he is ever aiming at a *Crown*: So *active* and *mounting* his holy *Ambition*, that it disdaines to *pearch* longer then a *breathing space*, upon the most exalted *spire* of all *Sublunary Glories*. He is so *thoroughly* sensible of the *Cælestial* Nature of his Soule,  
that

that (did he not think it *one* great part of his *happinesse*, to suffer any kind of misery in *submission* to his God) he could not think his *life* lesse then *one continued torment*, and so long a *detention* here upon the earth, a *meere restraint* and *confinement* from all *comfort* and *blisse*.

As for the  *blessings* of this world, he looks upon them, as the *child* should do upon his *farthings* or his *counters*, small things; *indulged* him for the *recreation*, not the *business* of his soule. Yet (such a good housewife is *virtue*) he reaps no small advantage to himself, from these *subordinate* enjoyments; which by their frequent *consenages* perswade him more to be in love with what's both more *Precious* & more *usefull*. Knowing that his *Mansion* is prepared in *Heaven*, he can esteem the world no better then the handsome *fronispice* to that most glorious *building*; where he beholds a great many *fine* flattering objects, and pretty *curiosities* both of *Art* and *Nature*; but all's no more then an *earnest* and *kind invitation* to him to enter in, and possess those unspeakably excellent *Mansions*, which these things so dimly *shadowed* out unto his

his eye; these well dressed dainties which he enjoyes here, he dares but taste at most, to prepare him an appetite; he intends to feast himself in Heaven.

To give you the summe of what I thinke of him in the generall: He is every way so much more then a man, that he is no lesse in all things then himself. One whose rare excellencies are such, as would make us believe his breeding had been amongst the Angels in another world, rather then amongst Gentlemen here in this and that he were only lent us a while, an universall pattern for Mankind to imitate; And to let us see how much of Heaven (if we will receive it) may dwell upon earth. He is so refined from all Mixture of our Courser Elements, as if he were absolutely Spiritualized before his time; if ever he were proud of any thing, it was of being the Conquerour of that, and all other Vices. He scornes and is ashamed of nothing but Sin. He lives in the world as one that intends to shame the world out of love with it self: & he is therefore singular in all his Actions, not because he affects to be so, but because he cannot meet with company like himselfe to make him

him otherwise, In a word, he is such, that (could we want him) it were pitty but that he were in *Heaven*; and yet I pitty not much his continuance *here*, because he is already so much an *Heaven* to himselfe.

§. 3. *His chief Honour and Dignity.*

His first Honour in this world, is to be born the most noble of Gods creatures here below: His next is to live one of his most Obedient and laborious servants, like those above. His greatest to die his beloved Son, that so he may reign with him for ever. It was the Honour of his Infancy only, to have Noble Parents; It is the Honour of his riper years, that he can imitate their Virtues, and it will be the Crown of his Old Age, to be as good a Father as his own; Blood and Birth then stood him instead, when his tender years had not render'd him capable of virtue and worth. When he comes to Age he Enters upon his Honour, not as upon his estate, by the will or title of his Ancestors, but by the claim of his merits, looking upon it not as his lot or inheritance, but as his choice and purchase. He has an especiall care that

that his *Honour* and his *Person* may both *live* and grow up, but never *die* together. He accounts it much *below* a person of his *quality* to owe all that *respect* which is given him when he is a man, to his full *Coffers*; or all the *Reverence* which is paid him when an *old* man, to his *gray haire*s: But he so provides for his *Honour*, that whatever *respect* is offered him, may be esteemed a *debt* and not a *Present*; and that his *future goodnesse* may not be thought the *product* of the *Old*, but rather an *obligation* to *New respects*: Such he *civily* accepts when paid him, but *seldome* challenges when *delay'd* or *withheld*; so far I meane, as they concerne his *person*, not his *Office*. For though it be *one Honour* to *deserve*, yet is it *another* contendedly to *want* them. He needs never go *abroad* to *seek* himself, and therefore he harkens with more *safety* to his *own conscience*, then the *peoples acclamations*; and he had much rather *know* himselfe *Honourable*, then be *told* that he is so.

His highest *ambition* is to be a *favourite* in the *Court* of *Heaven* and to this end his *policy* is to become not a *great* but a *new* Man:



Man and to dresse up himselfe in all those *Spiritual Ornaments*, which may make his soul truly amiable in the eyes of the *great King*. He considers how that he owes himself unto God, as he is his *Creator*; and he endeavours to discharge that *old Debt*, by a most earnest and importunate *suite* for *New favors* ever praying that God would make him fit to serve him, by making him first a *New Creature*. He could never yet think the *Old man* fit to make a *Courtier of Heaven*, and therefore he uses to walk in his *white Robe*, and his *wedding garment*, that so he may be admitted into the *Kings Presence*. He furnisheth himselfe betimes with such *Apparrell* as this, and he fits and settles it to his Soule before hand, knowing that the longer it is worn, the more splendid it growes, and the more it is used, the longer it will last; the only way to wear it out, is, not to wear it at all: but having once attired himself in this habit now every day is with him an *Holy-day*, and he is henceforward every where at Court.

But that which he esteems his great Honor indeed, is this, that he can with confidence and truly, call God his Father his Saviour, his

his Friend and his Brother, the Church his Mother, and the Angels his fellow servants. Such Parents, such Kindred, such company he may safely boast of, but this he does no other way, then by his obedience and gratitude. He behaves himself as a King's son ought to do, that is, he does nothing unbecoming his Birth and Dignity.

*§. 4. His outside and Apparel.*

If we may spare so much time from the contemplation of those richer Excellencies of his inner man, as to take notice of his outside, we may there behold the Ingenious Emblome of his better self: so much good care he takes that there be nothing found about him, but what may speak him indeed a Gentleman; and present you (so far as the matter will bear it) with the fair picture of a noble Mind. He would gladly so polish and adorn his Body, as becomes the lodging of so great a Soul. He looks upon it as a thing only so far deserving his care and pains, as it is a necessary Instrument of her operations: and yet he rather could wish himself (might it so be) freed from the

cumberſom company of his fleſh, becauſe it proves often ſo great a clog and hindrance to the more active and vigorous inclinations of his better part. So long as he is confined to his Tabernacle of clay, he makes the beſt that can be made of a Neceſſary Evil: ſo feeding his Body that it may have ſtrength enough to ſerve his Soul; and ſo cloathing it, that the other part may be kept from freezing, and fit for more ſprightlie actings. Indeed he never makes much of his earthly part; but in ſubſerviency to his Spiritual; that ſo he may the better, as he is commanded, *Glorifie God both with Body and Soul which are his.*

Hence is it, that you may alwaies obſerve in his Habit, ſuch a gravity as beſeems a Chriſtian; and yet ſuch a decency as becoms a Gentleman. He chuſes rather to have his diſtinction from other men founded in his virtues, then in his cloathes. Herein he ſhows that he looks more after what's ſerviceable and uſeful, then what's pleaſing and fashionable. So much curioſity he has, as not to be ſlovenly: and ſo little, as it cannot ſhow that he is vain or wanton. He had rather have his Apparrel rich than gandy

Gaudy, and yet rather warm than rich. It is neatnesse not bravery, a decent not a gorgeous attire, which, next unto what's usefull, he aims at.

In every Suit he buys, he hath as great a regard to the poor mans necessities, as to his own humour, and makes choise of that cloath or stuff which may please God hereafter upon the *Beggars back*, more then what he knows may now flatter the wanton eye of the *World* upon his own. He has much better thoughts of *Virtue*, then to hope his fine cloaths may gain him a respect where that could not, nay on the other side, he knows that Goodnesse is enough of it selfe, to advance the Rag above the Robe, and a *Leathern Cap* above the golden *Diadem*.

He pitties the unskilfull wantonnesse of the world, which alwaies (as *Children* and *Fools* use to do) sets an higher value upon the varnish and the gilded frame, then on the lively features and excellent Art in the rich piece they adorn: and calls it a blindness, at least, a weak sight, which cannot behold a virtue, but (as we do a dull picture) through the glistening Glasse of *Vanity*. He

esteems his penny in the poor mans purse a much greater Ornament then a fair Plume in his own Hat. Neither knows he how he may with a good conscience wear that, which might be made many a poor mans livelihood (as too many now love to do) in a Band and a pair of Gusses. He is more pleased to see his own clothes cover anothers nakedness, then displaying his best, and thinks it more honourable to wear the charity, then the bravery.

○ If his Place or Office challenge an Habit above his desires, by what he is forced to do, he shows what he would chuse to do, and most lively expresse his singular humility, in his necessitated Gallantry, showing how he can be content even to any thing, so it be innocent, though by a Confermy contrary to his natural inclinations. And even herein he takes care to provide himselfe such Apparel, that his cast suite (as we call it) may not be quite cast away, and to this end he chuses rather to swaggen in Gold then Tinsell, in Cloath then Stoffe: that so it may be sold before it be worn, and unfit for him to wear, before it be worn out, and then most becoming the poverty and mean condition.

condition of another when it shall be below the State and Dignity of his Place and Person.

It is most certain ( and the Gentleman knows it as well ) that the Temper and Disposition of the Soule is no way better Discernable, then through the Habit and garb of the Bodie. He that longs after New fashions, will not be backwards in embracing New Religions: both proceeding from one and the same dangerous Principle, an unconstancy of mind and a desire of Novelty. The True Gentleman knows it by experience, that where there is no levity in the thoughts, there appears no alteration in the Body; where no inconstancy and Pride of Soul, ther's no change or flaunting in the cloathes. And therefore that the world may know that he has a fixed and resolved soul, he has one constant garb and Attire: And he will never yeild that to be out of fashion, which is both Serviceable and Frugal. Alas the poor Body (he knows) desires nothing but what may preserve it alive and in health: It is the lascivious soul which calls for all those other superfluities: and the Gentleman accounts it below him to gratifie his lusts,

and to be at so vast an expence to cloath his *Humour*. He could never; since he was a *child*, play with a *Feather*, or think himself happy in the *glistening* of a *Lace*, or *Ribband*. He leaves these *Toyes* to those *silly* Creatures, who are resolved to continue for ever in their *childhood* or *infancy*, and dare to be so *foolish*, as to think a *broad Band* and a *flaunting Cuff*, as necessary as *Heaven*. He can think himself a *man* without such a *vanity*, and know himself a *Gentleman* without any such *mark* or *bravery*: alwaies wearing such *cloathes*, as his *Body* may in *old age* have good reason to *blesse* the *moderation* of his *Soul*, and the *needy* may have no lesse cause to pray for the *health* of his *Body*.

#### §. 5. *His Discourse and Language.*

When you hear him *speak*, you will think that he intends no lesse, then to give you a *tast* of his *Soul* at every word: Nor indeed is it possible you should in any thing plainlier discover the *noblenesse* of his *Spirit* then in his *sweet breath*, so *divinely* moulded into most excellent *discourse*. Every word



word he speaks, speaks him, and gives you a fair Character at once both of his *Abilities* and his *Breedings*. If you respect the *Quality* of his *Discourse*, it is *Grave* and *Noble*, *Serious* and *Weighty*; and yet alwaies rather what is fit to be spoken, then what he is able to speak. His words are most *Proper* and *Genuine*, but not affected; His phrase *high* and *lofty*, but not *Bombastick*; His sentences *close* and *full*, but not *obscure* and *confused*. His *Discourse* is neither *flashy* nor *flat*, neither *Boyish* nor *Effeminate*, neither *Rude* nor *Pedantick*; It is alwaies *Sober*, yet *Ingenious*; *Virile*: *Strong* and *masculine*, yet *sweet* and *winning*: He loves a *smooth* expression, but not a *soft* one: a *smart* or *witty* saying, but without a *Clinch* or *Jingle*: His words are those which his matter will best bear, not such as his *Phancy* would readiest suggest, No poor half starved *Tests*, no dry *insipid Quibbles* can get any room in his *Rhetorick*; hardly a word in all, but what hath his *Emphasis*, nor any sentence without his full weight. If you would eye the *Quantity* of his speech, it is not *Long* but *Full*; not *Much*

but *Grac* He speaks not abayies, but when he speaks he saies all. He as often shewes how well he can be silent, as how well he can speak, and others alwaies love more to here him talk, then he himselfe. He makes no lesse use of his Ear in all companies, then of his Tongue, and by his ferio<sup>t</sup> out harkening to the more impertinent discourses of his Companions, plainly proves he has no lesse *Patience* than *Reverence*. He makes it evident, that he has his *tongue* (that *unruly Beast* in most mens mouths) as much at his *Command* as his *Wit*, and that he is able to make both *rest*, as well as both *move* at his pleasure.

His sayings are never long or tedious, but they alwaies reach home, and he will very seldome take any thing lesse then a *Necessity*, for an *Opportunity* of speaking. But then usually he delivers all with that facility and perspicuity, as if his words were not the *elast* & *volumary*, but the *ready* and *natural* emanations of his Soul. No *Passion* shall at any time more disturb the Order of his words, than it can Cloud the *Serenity* of his forehead. He cannot make himself merry, much lesse proud, with his own

Inven.

Inventions; nor does he ever catch at the applause, but aims at the Edification of his Auditors.

If you will look upon the *matter* and *substance* of his discourse, you shall see, 'tis alwaies what he *finds*, not what he *makes*: not what he supposes may afford the fairest field for his *Phancy* and *Invention* to roave in; but the *best* Garden of such choise fruits as the *Stomachs* (not the *Palates* onely) of his company shall be best able to bear. Or such as may prove most *Medicinal*, when seasonably applied to the several *diseases* of those that hear him: These he alwaies studies rather to *heal* than *discover*, and yet rather to *discover* than *flatter*. Hence he often distributes amongst them the bitter as well as the sweet: and rather that which may *nourish*, than what may *please*.

And yet here it is, if ever, that he acts the part of the *Tempter*: for he makes even the sourest Apple (which he knows to be *wholsom*) so *pleasam* to the eye, that he forces such as need it; by a *Pious Fraud*, into a real love of what *naturally* they most *hate*. Indeed the only way which for the most part

part in such company is left him to prevent the loss of his own time, is to make others with whom he converses gainers by his society: and he does his utmost endeavour, that every one that hears him, may by what they hear, either gain a virtue, or lose a vice.

This is it, which makes him very careful to avoid, whatsoever might rationally be supposed able to vitiate either his own discourse or the minds of his Auditors. And very good reason he has to be more cautious in this respect than other men, seeing the most odious vice from his Language would gain so great a Loveliness, as would probably make it one of the strongest temptations. But his Rhetorick has too sweet a face to be made the Mother or Midwife to any thing that has the Monstrous shape of Sinne: he should foully Adulterate so great Purity, who should go about to match it with any thing lesse than Piety and Virtue.

Obloquy and Scurrility are too deformed and wry faced, to gain any place in his affections: He that is able, when he will, to create to himself a Reputation not inferiour

to the *big best scornes* as much, as he needs little to rob any other man of his: His fingers are too clean to be foul'd by throwing dirt in other mens faces, He is as much afraid to discover a blemish in another man's eye, as he is to suffer a greater in his own; and will rather *charitably* condescend to lick out the Mote with his tongue, then deridingly to talke of it. He holds it too much below a man to imploy his Nails in vexing an old sore, and scratching till he make a new one. He leaves it to Dogs and Ravens to prey upon Carrion, Alas, it is a very hungry wit, which is fain to feed upon such *nauseous dyet*. Other mens infirmities, especially if naturall or accidentall, are much more the objects of his Charity and Pitty, then of his Merriment and Derision. He judges it a cruelty proper to *weakness* alone to Murther the Sick; no true ingenuity can be so barbarous as to sport it self in the misfortunes of the Miserable. He esteems that (as well he may) a meer Dwarfish wit which cannot tell how to shew it self to the world but by trampling (and so advancing it self) upon the Reputation of others. It is a Barren Phancy, or at least has alwaies a very  
Hard

Hard labour, which can be *mother* to nothing but to what *misfortune* must be the *Midwife*. The true Gentleman has both more wit, more honesty, and more charity, then to permit his tongue to be so foolishly, so unworthily, so Tyrannically busied.

Nor doth he lesse abhorre to come near that filthy puddle of Obscenity; tis a Sow and no *Minerva* that can be for such nasty food. He never carried the Goats tongue in the Gentlemans head, but wishes that all who do so, would for ever use it as Goats do. that is, continue alwaies mute: All his discourses are as chaste as fair, and the sweet *Leaves* in recital whereof he so much pleaseth himself and all those good men which hear him, are no other then those betwixt God and his own soul.

He is too just to himself and his own unsurped Majesty, to suffer his talk to flag into an idle, much lesse a wanton strain of Drollery: thats too Plebain and Vulgar for a gentleman, and this no lesse too foul and Beastly even for a Man: and he must be more then both these in every expression a Christian. He cannot but with as much wonder and astonishment as pity and compassion



sun, hear those *poor* Souls, which can invent no other method of *gracing* their Discourse, and make it *lasting*, but by a *complacent* rehearsal of their own and others mens *uncleanesses*; nor can find matter for an *hours* talk, without being beholding for it to a *Mistresse* or a *whore*: Or at best by dressing up some empty piece of *Folly* in *fine words*. Thus can they never be merry, but as Children use to be with a *Baby*, or a *Rattle*.

His Soul presently boyles up in a pious *Agony* within him whensoever he hears a *vain Oath*, or any thing that sounds like *prophaneness*. He never mentions the dreadful name of *Almighty Gnd*, but with that due *Reverence* both of Soul and Body which suits with its *greatness*. He is too much the friend of God, and is every way too neerly related unto him, to hear him *dishonoured* with *patience*, or to suffer his name to be made so *vile*, and *cheap*, as to be used (as too commonly it is) onely as an *expletive* particle to prevent a *Chasme*, or make up a *gap* in the *sentence*, or to make all run more *smoothly*.

He has the like Holy respect for Gods  
Word.



*Word as his Name.* He is too much in love with *Scripture* to see her prostituted to every licentious phancy, and by an impudent wrestling made the subject of every Atheistical wit. The Gentleman looks with a more reverent eye upon this Sacred Fountain: not as set open to be troubled and made muddy by the Wanton Goats, but to water and wash the tender Lambs. He useth it further as a wholesome Bath for his White Soul, which will preserve her both cleau and whole.

I should injure the Gentleman, to dwell any longer upon his negative vertues. One-ly, this is an indulgence given to our ignorance, that we are allowd to speak in the negative of all great perfections, and say what they are not, when we cannot, as we should, exp esse what indeed they are. If you will hear what I have to say more of his discourse in short, then know, that all his words are not only the pretty, pleasing, yet empty bubblings of a restlesse phancy; a raging lust, or a wanton and frolick humour; But all of them the grave, weighty, and well proportion'd breathings of his great and holy Soul.

Sect. 6. *His Behaviour and Civility.*

His whole *Behaviour* and *Carriage* is masculine and noble, such as becomes his *Heroick* spirit; and yet alwaies accompany'd with a wonderful *Humility* and *Courtesy*: His *Body* is only made straight, & the more it selfe, not (as most mens are) new moulded by art: He has just so much of the *Dancing-School* as will teach him how to laugh at those that have too much. He Has made more use of the *Vaulter* and *Fencer*, then the *Dance*; for his desire was more to be a *Man* then a *Poppit*, and to be a *servant* to his *Country*, rather then his *Lady*.

If in things of this nature he sometimes studies anothers satisfaction more then his own, he will shew how much he can be more then a man; not how much lesse, and how active, he can be, not how *Apish*. He so behaves himself, that by what he does, you may rather conclude he can do more if he will, then that he hath done all he can doe. In these, as in all things else of the like indifferency, he manifests his greatest power there, where most men have the least, in refusing

*fusing* to do, what he is sure would gain him the empty applause of the Multitude: Though so far as he can judge the *sport* or *Recreation* innocent and lawfull, he had rather manifest a *slighting* and a *disregard*, then an *hatred* towards them.

His *Complements* are not (as in others) the wild *extravagancies* of a *Luxuriant Language*, but the *naturall* breathings of a sincere *kindness* & *respect*; His civility is alwaies one, with his *Duty*, his *friendship*, or his *charity*. A *Court-dresse* cannot bring him in love with a Lye; nor can he looke upon a *Fashionable Hypocrite* with a more favourable eye, then upon a *glorious cheat*; He judges of all *dissimulation*, as in it selfe it is, for though in *Complement* the *Practice* of it may seem *Princely*, yet in its own *nature* he knows 'tis *Deuillish*, and in the *issue* will prove *dammable*. He scornes to be Sathans Scholar, though for so profitable a lesson: for it was He indeed was the first master of this *Ceremony*; when he *Complemented* our first *Parents* out of their *Innocence* and *Paradise* at once; tickling their ambition with this strain--*Ye shall be like Gods.*

It.

It is his care, that all the *Obedience* and *Honour* his *Inferiours* are obliged to render unto him, may seeme no more then an imitation of that he payed unto his *Superiours*. And that the *courtesie* and *civilitie* of his *equals* may be thought nothing else but the *reflection* of his towards them. But if anothers kindnesse chance to get the *start* in showing it self, he makes it appear that his *backwardnesse* proceeded not from any want of good will, but opportunity, and he endeavours to requite the *earlynesse* of his friends *Courtesie*, by the *measure* of his owne.

His *Inferiours* may behold in him how well *Humility* may consist with *Greatnesse*, and how *great* an *Affability*, *Authority* will admit of. By his *practice* our *licentious* world, might easily be convinced, that *Freedom* and *subjection* may dwell together like friends.

All his words, and all his *Actions* are so many *Calls* to *Vertue* and *Goodnesse*, and by what he himself is, he shews others what they ought to be. If *Heaven* were such a thing as stood in need of an *assistant* *Temptation* (which a man would almost believe when he sees how little men love it for it selfe)

self) certainly it would make choise of the *Gentleman* as the loveliest bait to draw others thither, were not the Generality of Mankind grown so *stupid* in their sins, as to fall in love with *hell*; were they not *infatuated* even to a confidence in those *vanities*, which are worse then *nothing*, and bespotted into a *sensuality* below what's *brutish*, who would not make *hast* to *Heaven*, were there no greater *Happinesse* than the fruition of such a companion as is the *True Gentleman*?

And truly thither with all *speed* he must resolve to go: that intends to *enjoy* him long: for he makes too much *hast* to that place of *happinesse*, to stay long by the way. Such good men indeed are soon taken away, and this is so little laid to heart by us, that we have great reason for our own sakes to fear that they are taken away from the *Judgments* yet to come upon this sinful and rebellious Nation. The world grows so thin of such as he, that we may too truly now say he is but *one* of a *thousand*; and then 'tis no lesse then a *thousand* to *one* that very shortly whosoever would find him, must go to *Heaven* to seek him. And indeed it were an  
high

high injury to perswade him to a longer stay here, except we could assure him of our company thither at last.

*Sect. 7. His Inside.*

It is now time to take a short view of his *Inside*, and it must indeed be a very short & imperfect one; for you cannot but imagine what would be the unfortunate event, if such weak eyes as mine are, should gaze too long and intently upon the Glorious body of the *Sun*. I shall only therefore be so officious to such (if any such there be) as need my help, as to set open the windows for them, the *Sun* (I am sure) will shine in of it selfe. And truly his *rayes* dart in so thick and fast upon us, we shall hardly know which to take notice of first: An understanding here we meet withall, so cleere and unclouded, a Will so regular and uncorrupted, Affections so well refined, so orderly, and uninterrested, that 'tis wholly evident, that as *Nature* found *Materials*, and *Education* built the House and set all in Order, so do *Religion* and *Morality* Govern within, and betwixt them keep all cleare and handsome.

His *virtues* seem to be so much the *Necessary* and *Natural* Emanation of his most *active* and *boundlesse* soul, that he is in danger by being altogether good to loose the *praise & honour* due to so *eminent* a Goodnesse: If he could leave off to be *Vertuous*, the world might then seem to have some *excuse* for being *vicious*. But his *Goodnesse* is too *absolute*, to grow out of love with it self, and too *knowing* to lye *obnoxious* unto such a *heat*, as to part with her own face, in exchange for the *fairest* of *Vices*. I wish the world would *forbear* to love vice, till he begin to *forsake* virtues; and that all our *Gentry* would endeavour to be like him, till he become like them, or *esteem* any thing truly *Noble*, which he cannot prove to be really good.

As for his *Intellectual* Excellencies, so far as he owes them purely and immediately to *God* and *Nature*, I think it not fit so much as to touch any further upon them; least I should not bear up even in that great variety, wherein they are distributed among the many individuals; God having proportioned them out unto the *severals* in so different a measure, as nothing but his



own Infinite wisdom can give a particular reason of it. Only this I may safely say, that whatsoever his *Talent* is, the Gentleman digs not in the *Earth* to hide it; but so trafficks with it, till *Art* and *Industry* have brought in an *increase* some way proportionable to the *stock* of *Nature*: at least to that degree which may intitle him to the *Euge* of his Lord, and the glorious welcome of a good and faithfull *Servant*. He makes use of Gods *Bounty*, not as a *Warrant* for his sloath, or an *indulgence* to his idlenesse, but as a *Spur* and *motive* to a gratefull *Care* and *Industry*. Not as a *treasure* to be prodigally *Spent*, but a *stock* to be thriftily *husbanded* and improved. He accounts it a thing most unworthy in a Gentleman, to be an ill husband, especially where the *treasure* is Gods, and he but his *Steward*, yet such a steward, as has the *use*, as it were, of his Lords *purse* for his *Incouragement*.

His *acquired* *Intellectuall* accomplishments, are too numerous and various to be here characterized; something must be said of them hereafter in his *study*, though but very little; for I chuse rather to insist upon what

what denominates him *Good* and *Noble*, then *great* and *knowing*: for though the latter be *useful* and *excellent*, yet the former are more *praise-worthy* and *necessary*.

*Sect. 8. His command over himself.*

His *Will* and *Affections* he makes the *Instruments* and *servants*, not the *Guides* and *Mistresses* of his *Soul*. He subjugates his *Will* unto *Reason*, and this to *Religion*; and by this meanes it comes to passe that he never misses of having his own free *Choice* in all things. He both *Doth* and *Hath* what he *will*; because he never *wills* but what is according to *reason*, nor thinks any thing *Reasonable* but what's *honest* and *Lawful*: thus by making *Gods will* his own, he is never *craft* in his *desires*.

Thus he exercises the *first* and *main* act of his *Authority* at home: and that he may be more expert in governing others, he first *practises* upon himself; and learns to command his *inferior* *Soul*. He will not *submit* in the least to the *Tyranny* of a *Passion*, nor hearkens he further to the most tempting *Suggestions* of his *Sensitive* part, then he

he sees that *Subject* to the *grave* and *sober* dictates of its lawfull *Empresse Right Reason*. His *affections* when prepared and fitted by an *unprejudiced judgment* for his service, he delays not to put into exercise, but imployes them as so many wings, whereon his soul may be carried up above the reach of *Vulgar* men. It would be too great an *indulgence* in him, to suffer his *Passions* to be their own *carvers*, and *chusers* of their own objects: for these being the *Natural Daughters* of his *untamed sensitive Appetite*, have too much of their mother in them, to be *discreet* in their choise; like *wanton* and *imprudent* Girles, they would pitch upon the fairest rather than the best, & more labour to flatter the *Sense* than obey the *Reason*. As their *Lord* and *Soveraine*, therefore he appoints, and *Reason* cuts them out their work, and assigns every one its proper task; and by this meanes at length they become the *beauty*, *ornament* and *strength*, which otherwise had naturally been the *Blemishes*, *disorders*, and *Infirmities* of the Man.

He desires in all things to be above the world, that's his *Ambition*; and therefore he sets his *affections* on things above, and points  
G them

them out the way to *Heaven*, that's his prudence. The soul without them would be lame and unable to go; and they without its eye of *Reason*, are blind and know not which way to go, but ( as the Cripple upon the blind mans back ) let but the judgment direct them in the right path, and then they will carry the soul to Heaven. The Gentleman is too much a man to be without all passion, but he is not so much a beast as to be governed by it.

In this moderation and Empire over himselfe, where he gives Law to his Affections, and limits the extravagances of Appetite, and the insatiable cravings to sensuality: the just rule he goes by, is not opinion but knowledge: not that leaden one, which is so easily bent and made crooked, or melted and dissolved by the heat of passion, or the arts of Sophistry, into error and Skepticisme: but that other Golden one, which lies as close & firm, as 'tis made straight and even. When he would imprint the true lovelinesse of any object upon his affections, he takes it into a true light, and has a care to remove from before his eye all those cunningly wrought Glasses, or other instruments of *Sathan* and

*Lust*

*Lust*, set so frequently to prejudice and deceive the sight; whatsoever might cause him to mistake a false object for a true, or to see a true one amisse: so endeavours he to be as free from error as from vice: esteeming it as a sin to act against his knowledge, so a shame at least to be deceived in his opinion.

He judges of things, as he does of men, not by what they promise, but by what they prove; and so he trusts, and loves, and fears them; not for what in appearance they seeme to be, but for what in the use and trial of them he finds that in truth they are. He accounts not an Ox therefore more terrible than a Lion, because he is greater: nor a Pebble more desirable than a Pearle, because 'tis heavier: But he first collects the Excellency of every thing from its usefulness, and tendency unto that end he aims at in the persuit after, or use of it, and then he proportions his affections according to that degree of excellency, he has thus rationally concluded to be in it. After this manner does he in the first place Lord it over his Passion, till in a long obedience she have served out her apprenticeship to his Reason: then

is she deservedly enfranchised into a vertue, and so becomes at length her *Lords Mistress*: and 'tis she will get him a reward for his service in *Heaven*.

*Sect. 9. His Magnanimity and Humility.*

There is a *Brave Heroick* vertue, which is as a *second soul* unto the true *Gentleman*, and *Enspirits* every part of him, with an admirable *Gallantry*: I mean, *Christian Magnanimity* and *Greatnesse of Soul*. This presently heaves him up to that *size* that the *wide world* seems too *strait* and *narrow* to containe him, or afford *room* enough for him, to expresse the *actiuity* of his *Spirit*. This is it which teaches him to laugh at *small things*, and disdain to go *lesse* then his *Name*. Being carried up on *high*, upon the wings of this *Vertue*, he casts *down* his eye upon those *little* *Happineses*, which seem enough to satisfie the *narrow* souls of other men, with no little *contempt* and *scorne*; but on those poor *starvings* themselves, whose *earthly appetites* can make such *trash* their *diet*, with as much *pitty* and *compassion*. It is this *Vertue* which so *ennobles* all



all his actions that they bear a just proportion to the largeness of his thoughts, and permits him to engage in nothing which is not truly Honourable. And it is this same Vertue which makes his own Bosome his Treasury, and that so rich and self-sufficient, that all the external felicities this world has or can cast in to the Bargain, are look'd upon by him with as slender a regard, as the Widows Mite would have been by the great Lord of the Temple, without a large augmentation for her piety and devotion. It is this vertue which makes him calm in his own brest, when the whole world besides rages like a troubled Sea round about him: Let the storme and tempest threaten never so loudly a splitting and a wrack to other unballanced soules: he knows not how to fear, whilest his courage is his Anchor, and Innocence his safe Harbour. This is it which makes him conclude their labour very ill spent, who for the cherishing of a childish humour, use to sweat and consume their strength and spirits in pursuit of a Feather: or strain their backs to take up every straw that glisters in their way. It ought to be a much nobler Game then such



a silly Fly, that this Eagle vouchsafes to stoop to.

But as this brave *Vertue* thus teacheth the *Gentleman*, to be enough to himself, and rest content and satisfied with what he hath at home; so does it likewise teach him to be too much for himself, and commands him not to vindicate all of himself wholly to his own use and service. It were pittie so great a goodnesse should be thus confined within one subject, as not to be able to distribute something of it selfe to every one of its neighbours. Nay this *Christian Magnanimity* doth so stretch out his Soul, that ever that too, seems to be communicated unto others besides himself. It is a kind of violence and restraint to her to be pinned up within the narrow Province of one Individuall body, and therefore she studies how she may enlarge, if not her *Empire*, yet her *Charity*, and makes a number by being the object of her bounty, the witnesses of her Greatness. Indeed so diffusive and spreading is *Virtue*, when she growes in so rich a soyle, that of a little she soone becomes great, and of One a Multitude. This Grain of Mustard seed grows up so fast, and so great,

great, that many may reap the benefit of its growth, by partaking of its branches. And such a *Cloud*, as at first might appear but of an *band breadth*, will suddainly make a *nation* happy in that refreshing *dew*, which by its *plenry*, will argue a strange *increase* after so *small* an appearance. Indeed the *Gentleman* acts as if he intended, that his *soule* should in a short time *animate* the *Universe*; & make it more than ever the poor *Philosopher* could dream of, *One great Gentleman*, and the severall *Individuals* therein but the numerous *members* of his own body. Though the *indocile* and *untractable* spirits of the *common* sort of men be such as *force* him against his will to be *singular*: yet to show us how *unwilling* he is to *remain* so, his *virtues* are too *charitable* to be long *alone* and hence are all his *breathings* such, as might well be thought intended by him to *inspire* his company with something like himself: and all his *Actions* so many earnest *Essays*, towards the *assimulating* of their *Natures* unto his own. He is *Master* of so *inexhaustible* and *Miraculous* a *treasury* of *goodness*, that he may very well afford *every* man a *little*, and yet keep *all* unto himself.

He knows not how to *be* good, and not to *do* good, and therefore one half of his study is to *give himselfe* away. Neither his *breſt* nor his *purſe* are ever *ſhut* to ſuch as *need* him, and (God knows) more *need* him then will *make uſe* of him.

The *Gentleman* may well be compared unto a *Great Book*, which alwaies lies wide open to the world; that whoſoever wants *advice* or *counſell*, may freely *conſult* him at pleaſure: there they may *read*, that himſelf, as opportunity ſerved him, has taken great paines to *copy out faire* in all his *A-cti-ſions*, what ever is both *ſafe*, *great*, and *good*: thus in *one* and at *once* they may behold both the *rules* of a *good life*, *Precept* and *Exampſe*.

Nor doth this *vertue* more manifeſt it ſelf in a liberall *distribution* and *inſtruction* then in as *free* and *impartiall* a *correction* and *reprooſe*, whenſoever it is requiſite, chuſing much rather to *croſs* the *humour* of his *friend*, then flatter his *vice*; and to loſe his *friendſhip* here, then his *company* ( if it may be poſſible for him to have it ) in Heaven another day. He is not *afraid* to call every *man* by his *own name*, or adde the *Epithet* which

which is due unto it: that so every one that comes into his presence, may be afraid to bring a *bad name* along with him. He can *envy* no man because he cannot see any one *better* than himselfe; neither yet can he *despise* any man, because he really *desires* every one should be as *good* as himself.

So that what's most of all commendable, this most excellent *vertue* is accompanied with a most exemplary *humility*; and there is nothing can more deservedly *exalt* him in the thoughts of *all men*, then this, that he is such a *Diminutive* in his own. Nor does this proceed from an *ignorance* of his own *excellencies*, but rather hence, that he *knows* whence he *had* them. Neither does he therefore *preferre* every man in *Honour* before himself, because he knows not what other men are, but because he knows not what they may be. He is really so *high* that he may with ease *reach* Heaven, but he *makes* himself so *low* that he may goe in at the *strait gate*. When he looks upon his own *vertues* (which he had rather *show* than *see*; and *have* than *show*) he will not think them *great*, because he intends to make them yet much *Greater*; neither can he tell how to

applaud himselfe when he sees them *great*, because he knows well how little he either made or deserved them. It is this *vertue* that makes him much more desire the friendship of a *vertuous* begger, then the favour of a *vicious* and *licentious* Prince: because this he must assuredly lose, seeing he knows not how in a *compliance* to his humour to become wicked: but that shall never end, but last as long as his Heaven. He chuses his companions not by the outward habit of their body, but that *internal* of the soule: and sets an higher value on them for their *Merits*: then their *Births*. He is so little proud of what he is, that he is indeed very *Humble* for what he is not. He will never be persuaded (as most of those we call *Gallants* do) to pride himself in his *Vanity Boast* of his *folly*, and *Glory* in his *Prophanesse*.

Sect. 10. *His Charity and Temperance.*

The Gentlemans *Charity*, is no other then his *Soule* drawn out to his fingers ends. Every piece of money he hath; bears as well the *Impression* and *Image* of this *vertue*, as that of his *Prince*: and this is it which makes him

him value the *Coyne* more, and the *Silver* lesse. He is indeed that true *Briar*, which has as many *hands*, as he meets with *receivers*: and for this cause he is look'd upon as a *Monster*, in these latter dayes, and very rarely to be met with.

The course he takes to *air* his *Bags*, and keep them from *moulding*, is to *distribute* freely to *all* that are in *need*. If he take some paines to become *richer* then others. it is only to put a *cheat* upon that which men miscall *Fortune*, and to manifest he hath a *power* so great as hers: that is, to make himself *poor* again at his pleasure: and to show that *charity* can entertaine as *rich* servants as *she*. Though God hath indulged him the *priviledge* and *inheritance* of an *Elder brother* in the world, yet he wisely considers that the *youngest* of all may in equity challenge a *childs portion*. He esteems it a very high *Honour*, that God hath vouchsafed to make him *one* of the *Stewards* in His great *Family*: and he is nothing *ambitious* of his *Epithete*, to his *Name*, or reward of his pains who is recorded in the *Gospel* for his *injustice*.

When by *giving* to the *poor*, he *lends* to  
the

the Lord, the Honour of being the Lords Creditor & all the interest he expects; and doubtlesse this *Happiness* is not every mans, to have God his Debtor. He accounts it much the safer way, to trust his Charity than his *Luxury* with the Bag; the former will bring in an even reckoning in Heaven; the latter perhaps a jolly one in the Tavern, but a very sad one in Hell. He delights not to see any thing starve but his Lusts, he lets these crava without an answer, and die without compassion. I would to God, there were many in the world such as hee, we should then see, fewer Beggars, and more Gentlemen. Mens Backs and Bellies would not then so frequently rob and undoe their soules. Now adaies, the Gentlemans cloathes wind about his body, and his body, about his Soule, with no greater kindnesse, then the twining Ioy about the Oake, the Apparrell sucks away the nourishment which is due to the body, and this that other which we owe to the Soule.

Where he is not able to make his *Estate* adequate to his desert; he takes a better course, and Levels his desires to his Fortune; though he seldome have all that he deserves, yet



yet he *alwaies* has whatsoever he *covets*. He never wants much of that which is *needful*, because he *enjoys* all that he is in love with. He makes his *life* and *health*, not his *Estate* or *ambition*, the *standard*; his *Reason*, and not his *Humour*, the *judge* of his *Necessities*.

Such is his *Temperance* and *Sobriety* in the use of those *Creatures*, of which by Gods *blessing* he is made *owner*: that he *sacrifices* very much to his God in the *relief* of the indigent, *nothing* to *sin*, in satisfying the importunate carvings of his *carnal lusts*. Above all he is *ashamed*, when *Fortune* hath used him very *hardly*, and spoil'd him of many opportunities of exercising his *bounty* and his *charity*, to permit his *lusts* to use him yet *worse*, and leave him *nothing* at all. He *scornes* first to *swagger* and *swill* away his *estate*, and then *curse* his *fortune* for using him so *roughly*; first to *make* himself a *Begger*, and then cry out upon his *poor* condition: or to *complaine* he is as *poor* as *Job*, when every day he *fares* as *deliciously* as *Dives*. When he has the *least*, he shows that he is able to live with *lesse*: and when he is brought into a *low* condition.

tion, tries how he he could beare up in a lower; and proves by his *cheerfulnesse* in that some would call *want* and *misery*, that *Happinesse* does not consist in *superfluities*. He is *content* with *any* thing, and by this meanes *enjoyes* all things: and is so *Charitable* of a little, that it is evident in that little he *wants* not *much*.

He chuses rather to *be well* in the morning, then *drunke* overnight, and at any time had rather be free from the *Sin*, then *please* his *Companions* with the *Frolisk*. His *money* is too little to *love*, but too much to *throw away*: and he had much rather *give* it then *lose* it: preferring his *charity* before his *Game*, and the *poore mans life*, before his own *wantonness* and *riot*: though he had never so much, he could never have more then *enough*, because he sees so many that *want* what he has, and *pitties* all he *sees* in *want*. He looks upon his *estate* as that which was given him for *use* and not for *waste*: and upon so much of it as he *loses* at play, as that whereby he hath *rob'd* himself of a *vertue*, and another of a *comfortable* *livelihood* and he cannot sport himselfe with such *losses*.

## Sect. 11. His Valour and Pudence.

Having spoken already of the Gentlemans *Magnanimity*, I shall need to adde very little of his *valour*; which he exercises more in obeying his *God*, then Opposing his *Brethren*. His highest piece of *Fortitude* is that whereby he conquers himselfe and his sin; and in this he is alway practising. He knowes that by thus becoming his own captive, he shall not want the usage of a *Gentleman*; and thus being made his own *Lord* too, he is sure to be free from all the world besides. He lookes upon it as the basest degree of *Cowardice*, to yeild unto those feeble passions, which, did not both *Reason* and *Religion* step into their *Succour*, would certainly become the prey of every light and empty toy. His *Christian Fortitude* is such, that he fears not to *Encounter* the Great *Goliath* of *Hell*, or an whole *Army* of such *Philistians* as have set themselves in array against his *Happinesse*, all at once: not though they be such, as by their *Cunning* have already got within him: He never gives over resisting the *Deuill* till he have  
put

put him to flight. He hath that greatest courage which is so rarely found in others, who would be called *Gentlemen*, he dares be *Religious* in spite of the *World*. He sets himself, without betraying the least timidity, against the great *Bugbare*, which so scares most men, not only out of their wits, but out of all good actions, shame, or derision. These are they which, as the *Elephants* in King *Pyrrhus* his Army terrified the *Romans* with their prodigious Bulke, do so affright the greatest part of our *Gentry*, that they never leave flying till they tumble into the *Bottomlesse Pit* together. The true Gentleman, like the stout *Minucius*, has by experience proved these *Monsters* to be of more Bulke than *Mettall*, and to want nothing but an *Adversary*, to bring them into *Subjection*.

The True Gentleman hath so much true valour, as not to fear the brand of a Coward, where his courage should be his sin, & his conquest his ruine. He is ever the fugitive in such a chase, and dare boast of nothing but being routed. 'Tis then alone he fears not death, when he is sure there is no Hell will follow it. His life is more deare to him, then

then that he should be content to part with it for any thing *lesse* then *Heaven*. He has an *Honour*, and that's his *Religion*, a *Mistress* too to vindicate and defend from all injuries and affronts, and that's his own *Soul*: For the sakes of *these two* he is engaged in many a *Duel*, with those *Heresies* and those *sins*, which would strain and corrupt the one, or steale away & deflower the other.

He thinks that *Honour* too deare which must be bought with a *Murther*, and a *Name* which is never to be worne, but by his *Monument*, none of the *cheapest*, when purchased with his life. He has much *honest* thoughts of his *Mistresse*, then to think her such a *Proserpine* that either he or his *Rivall* must be sent to *Hell*, before either can enjoy her.

There is indeed a *Beauty*, for which the *Gentleman* thinks it no loss to die; but such an one as is often *blacke*, though alwaies lovely: I meane, his own *Mother* and his *Saviour's Spouse*, the *Church of God*: and there is an *Honour* which he holds cheap enough, when bought with the high price both of *life* and *livelihood*, though (if he might have his choise) he had rather pre-  
serve

serve both to maintain it, then lose either to purchase it, *Loyalty* to his Prince, and *Fidelity* to his Country: For these he does not fear to Embrace a Stake, to make the Scaffold his Bed, and a Block his Pillow: seeing he is assured, that whosoever thus lies down to rest at night, shall without faile rise againe to *Glory* in the morning. He holds it much more desirable to live a Beggar, then to die a Traytor. And that his Honour and Conscience should expose him to Tyranny and Violence, then his Treachery or *Hypocrisie* buy out his temporall security. He thinkes it no great matter to trust that God with his Person and his Family, who hath trusted him with his Spouse and his Children.

Hence is the Gentlemans prudence, the Legitimate Daughter of Loyalty and Conscience, not the Bastard of Covetousnesse and Cowardice: 'tis mixt of Discretion and Wisdom, not Craft and Knavery. He was never yet so blindly zealous, as to worship a Golden Calse for a God, that so he might keepe his Chest from being broken open: Nor was he ever so absolute a Statesman, as to call Rebellion Reformation, for fear of Poverty,

ty, or an *Halter*. His naturall affection to wife and children is such that he would enjoy them for ever in happinesse; and therefore his care is so to part with them now, that he may meet them againe in *Heaven*, not in *Hell*, hereafter: His whole *Policy* is to avoid an *eternal*, though by incurring a *temporal*, misery: Such a *Politician* only he thinks fit for *Heaven*, that hath prudently managed his *Lords* affaires upon *Earth*: he cannot call him either a *prudent* or a *faithfull Ambassador*, who prosecutes his owne designe with more earnestnesse then his *Masters*, or acts more vigorously for the advancement of his own, particular interest, then the *Publick good*, or his *Princes Honour*.

It is his *prudence* to secure what's best, by the loss of what's *indifferent*, whensoever he is necessitated to part with one of the two; and he chuses rather freely to part with that which he is only sure once to lose, and by that losse become eternally happy, then to throw away that which in spite of violence he might for ever have kept, and can never Part with without his utter ruine: If tares must spring up amongst the good corne in that field wherein God has intended him a labourer,



labourer, he had rather show by his *active-  
nesse* that they were not sowne whilest he  
*slept*; then by a *covetous lazinesse* give the  
*enemy* an opportunity of compassing his  
designes, or occasion the disheartning all  
his *brethren*, by withdrawing *his* shoulder,  
and leaving them *alone* to beare the bur-  
*then* in the *heat* of the *day*. He can think it  
a greater *prudence* with the *Disciples* of his  
*Lord*; to leave his *Father* and his *net*, to fol-  
low a *Saviour* through *persecution* into  
*Heaven*; then with the carking fool, to lie  
modelling out a *Barn* which may contain  
his *wealth*, and in the mean time suffer his  
*soul* to be stoln out of his *Body* by the se-  
dulous craft of the *seducer*.

Sect. 12. *His behaviour in both Fortunes.*

If *Fortune* smile upon him, and be indeed  
such as he dare call her *good*; he makes it  
his businesse to be altogether as *good* as she;  
and will be sure as well to *deserve* as to wear  
her *Livery*. His care is that her good usage  
of him may be rather deemed the just re-  
ward of his own *moderation* and good *Hus-  
bandry*; then the unmerited *Bounty* of so  
*blind*:

*blind a Mistress.* He makes *Prosperity* a motive to his *Piety*, not (as others) the opportunity of displaying his *Vanity*. He proves by his example, that he most happily enjoys the *World*, that glories least in the enjoyment of it. He looks upon his present flourishing condition, rather as that which is not without ingratitude to be refused, then with eagernesse to be desired, and upon what now he possesses, as that which he knows not how soone he may lose; and therefore he makes himself now so careless an owner, that (if the wind chance to turne) he may prove a cheerful and contented loser. He dares not phancy himselfe one jot the neerer Heaven, for being thus mounted on the deceifull wings of *Fortune*, lest when the contrary wind of *adversity* dismounts him, and his unexpected fall awakes him from his pleasant dreame, he should find himselfe to be really as low, as he was before but seemingly high. If *Fortune* be content to lodg with him as his guest, she is welcome; But he cannot be so dotingly enamour'd of her, as to entertaine her, either as his wife, or his harlot; lest either an untimely divorce should break his heart, or she should

should bring a *Bastard* for a *Son*, and so at length *shame* and *disgrace* him. He can neither so farre *flatter* her as to call her *God-desse*, which he knowes of her self to be no more but a *name*; nor so far *Honour* her as to *ask* her *blessing*, because he knowes that whatsoever *goodnesse* men are apt to ascribe unto her, is but one of the *meanest* blessings of a *greater* then *she*. Laugh she never so heartily, her *pleasannesse* shall never *overjoy* him seeing (for ought he knowes) she either does or may ere long laugh at him, and if she *Frown*, he can frown as fast as *she*, and that for her *kindnesse*. He never *relies* upon her, because he knowes she is naturally so *unconstant*: nor can he see any reason why he should be *proud* of being her favourite, because he may every where behold many of the most *undeserving* altogether as much in her *Favour* as himself,

To speak the whole, the *true Gentleman* hath so slight an esteem of *Fortune*, that he cannot vouchsafe her the *Honour* of a *Being*, but leaves that to those poor *Heathens* who were indeed as *blind* as they supposed her to be. Whatsoever blessings he enjoys he

He received them, as indeed they are, as the *bounties* of an indulgent father, with *thanks* and *love*, and he useth them to that *end*, for which he supposes so *good* and *prudent* a father would bestow them on a *beloved Son*, so that he may make them as much *instruments* of his own *good*, as they are *testimonies* of his Fathers *affection*. He looks upon his *Prosperity*, not so much as a *reward* for doing well, as an *encouragement* to do *more*, and an *opportunity* of doing *better*: Much lesse can he think his flourishing condition, as many seem to do, a piece of *Heavens* flattering *Courtship*, where no more is intended, then the affording him an opportunity of *pampering* up his *lusts*; and making himself a *Glorious Sinner*. Seeing he has already received so *bountiful* a reward for doing so *little*, he accounts it a shame for the future not to make himself a fit object for a *greater*, by doing both *more* and *better*. Such an *ingenious* spirit hath the *Gentleman*, that he thinks every reward for what's past, an obligation to future good services; and he had rather wait with patience for all his *arrears* together, then ever be thought to have received the *last payment* here.

If

If it be his lot to groane out his dayes under the heavy pressures of *affliction*. he is not like the inconsiderate *drunkard*, who in the morning after his *double* intemperance in *drinking*, and *sleeping* complaineth that his *head akes*, and begins to *curse* his *Pillow* and his *Bed-maker*, for his want of ease; forgetting to turne that *some* out of doores which occasion'd all this the day before: Nor like a *wretched* and *impenitent Malefactor*, who when he is hurried away to a just *Execution*, does nothing but *cry out* upon the *hard heart* of his *Judge*. and the *Rigour* of the *Lawes*; *Cursing* the *Executioner*, but forgetting to *repent* him of the *murder* or the *robbery* which brought his *body* into the hands of *this* executioner, and will, unrepented of, deliver his *soul* into the far lesse mercifull of *another* hereafter: But like a naturall and hopefull child, he seriously considers his owne *errors*, which provoked his Father thus to *Chastise* him; and so by *stroking* the hand, and *kissing* the rod, and humbly *begging pardon* for his offence, he sets his fathers affections, which before he had *turn'd aside*, not *lost*, into their own proper *channell* againe.

He

He looks upon his *Afflictions* with one eye, as *Corrections*, and so blames himself for the *occasion*, but blesteth God for the *Charity*, with the other, as *Tryals*, and so makes it his care that he come not all *dross* out of the *Furnace*. The same fire which *consumes* others, doth but refine his soule, and separating from it, the more grosse and *Terrene* Mixtures, makes it the fitter for Heaven. He grudges not to undergoe the *Winnowing*, so he may be sure to lose the *Chaffe*, and be made all *Wheat*, such as his Lord may think fit to receive into his *Ganner*. He is ashamed to think that God should lose his paines, and the more he *threshes*, find only more *straw* but lesse *Corn*; rather, like good grain from the *Mill*, he comes forth from the *grinding*, more in *measure*, purer in *colour*, and readier for *use* and *service*. Though a *Brier*, or a *Thorn*, may scratch or prick his *heel* a little in his way to Heaven, and draw a little *useless* blood, though he may sometimes be so *intangled* in the *Brambles*, that he may be forced to part with something of his *steece*, and perhaps so much of his *skin* too, as may make it *smart* a while; Yet has he

too high a soul, to fall so much within the reach of these creeping Brambles, as to receive from them the least scratch in his face. He alwaies carries an head as erect as his hopes are high, and takes great care that neither his Religion, his Honesty, nor his Honour be made to suffer by it.

He dares not make either a base compliance with the vices of his persecutors, the refuge of his cowardice; or the wings of the Potent by bribing their Ambition with flattery and dissimulation, his Sanctuary of protection. He will not attempt the lightning of his sufferings by a voluntary casting any part of his estate into the devouring Treasury of the Churches Enemy; nor hope to appease the wrath of a displeased God, by bringing an ablation to the Avarice of his oppressors; neither doth he essay to drown his sorrows in the bottom of his Cup: But he flies, and takes Sanctuary at the Horns of the Altar: and by a magnanimity which becomes a Gentleman, shows that true Honour, is a Jewel indeed, such as will not break with the Hammer: His Religion, like the Flint, never so much discovers those holy fires of zeal and devotion, which were not



not before so apparent, as when it most experiences the violence of the hardest streak. And his *innocence* is so perfectly malleable, that the more you beat it, the broader it grows. In short, the Gentleman carries himself so evenly betwixt these Contrary winds, that he is neither shaken by the one nor puff'd up by the other: He is such in prosperity, that he does not feare adversity: and such in adversity, that he need not to wish for prosperity; such indeed in both, that it shall never repent him that he hath tasted either.

Sect. 13. *His respect and affection for his Country.*

The true Gentleman is no lesse servicable to his Country, then Honourable in himselfe. He cannot phancy himselfe so great, as to forget that he is but a creature, and so made for something; and till he can perswade himself to be a God (who is his owne End and Happiness) he cannot think that he was made only to serve himself. He that made him made him a brother to many, and he owes a duty of love unto them all.

He is not like a lump of *Gold* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*. which is neither for *sight* nor *service*; but like *that* which having once received the *stamp* of the *Prince*, is ever after *current*, and *usefull* for *many*. Neither resembles he the *Glow-worme* or a rotten *stick* in the *darke*, which hath no more *light* then will shew it selfe to be *something*, though no body by that *light* alone knowes *what*; but *illuminates* nothing else about it: no, he rather emulates the *Sun* in the *Firmament*, from which this *Inferiour* World receives all its *life* and *vigour*. Thus the *Gentleman* is continually scattering the *rayes* and *influence* of his *vertues* round about him, quite through all that lies within the wide *Sphere* of his motion, As amongst the *Elements*, the most *Noble* and *Pure*, is alwaies the most *Active* too; and most *profitable*, as well as most *high* and *distant*. And as the *highest* of bodies, to wit, the *Celestiall* cannot naturally *rest*, but indeed by their continuall and swift *motion*, do never faile to *labour* for the *benefit* of the *whole* World besides: So is this the *Little Heaven* and *glory* of mankind, never without some commendable *businesse* and *employment*, and  
such

such as shall assuredly at last tend unto the great good and advantage, of as many as be within the *compasse* of his *influence*.

The *Gentleman* (without doubt) is made for some other end, then to stand, like a fair and goodly Tulip, in a painted pot, in some window or other corner of the Chamber, only to grace the Room, without either *smell* or other apparent *vertue*: He is rather like the sweet and lovely Rose, which perfumes the Air all about it, and is besides, no lesse medicinal, then fragrant. If ever the Gentleman seem to be idle, he does no more but seem so. He only sets himselfe down a while, as he would do a Bottle of precious Water, which has been troubled by much motion, that so it may by a settling of its heavier parts become clear again: Thus does he order his Soul, after that she hath been violently shaken to and fro, and much troubled with the affairs of the World; he may by this rest, give leave to the more *terrene* parts therein to draw towards the bottom, that so the Grosser descending, his best and clearest thoughts may again be upermost and at Liberty. He carries not his fine body up and down the streets, as men use to

do their *Dancing-horses* in a *Faire*, only to be seen, and make sport for the *Spectators*. No, though never so gloriously trick'd up, and accoutred, yet does he freely stoop, to take some part of that weighty burthen of the *Commonwealth* upon his back; and never walks with more ease, nor shows more real state, then when thus loaden.

He cannot call him a man that is without all calling, knowing that every servant (and every man ought to be Gods servant) how proud soever must have his worke, Seeing God hath so blest him with abundance, that he needs not work, for his own bread, he will in gratitude to God, worke for his *Countrys* peace, and safety. He scornes to have it thought, that he is the only cumbersome thing in the *Nation*, the only *Wen* in the *Body Politick*, which growes great only by sucking away that nourishment, which should feed and strengthen the serviceable members, and is good for nothing at length but to improve the *Chirurgion's* skill, and the patience of the diseased. Those parts and members of the man which are uppermost in the body, and most honourable, are alwaies most busied too for the Good of the whole.

In the *Head* are placed the *Eye* and the *Eare*, and the *Organs of sense*; there is too the *Understanding*, *Phancy* and *Judgment*, to see, to hear, *discerne*, *contrive*, *plot*, and *direct*: and as he knows it is his *honour* to be made a *part* of the *Head* of his *Country*, so doth he owne it his *duty*, not to refuse the exercise of that *office* which belongs unto him. Hence he thinks, it an *unworthinesse* in him, not only, to do *ill*, but to do *no good*; and these two he can very hardly *distinguish*, as some would faine do, seeing undoubtedly that which doth *no good*, is *good for nothing*, and this is to be *stark naught*.

He holds it to be (as indeed it is) a crying shame, whilest the *Taylor*, and the *Cobler* are justly reckon'd among the *Necessary* members of a *Commonwealth*, that the *Gentleman*, who takes it as an affront not to be thought much *better* then such *mechanicks*, should not be so much as *usefull* to the place where he lives: or at most, but as the *trimming* is to a good *suit*, or the *haire* to the *head*, which may be *cut off* and thrown away, and no great hurt done to either. This indeed is the *Gentlemans* *priviledge*,

not to be servant to any *one* particular Member, but to the *whole* body, and that whilest others in their inferiour Condition are only made capable of serving a *few*, his fortune is such as will allow him to be truly serviceable unto *all*. Herein consists his *Honour*, that he is not put to work as a *drudge* or *journey-man* but is a *Freeman* indeed, and *Master* of his Trade, and whilest others *toyle* hard, and receive a *scant* pittance when their worke's done; He is able to worke *gratis*, and so *oblige* a great part of the world by his *service*. Indeed this must needs be the greatest oblation can be laid upon the *Gentleman*, to labour *harder* and do better then other men; because he is before hand, not only furnished with good *tools*, by an *Ingenious Education*, to worke withall; but hath (as we said) received so great a part of his *reward* already, and yet is assured of an infinitely greater yet behind. How is he ashamed to *deceive* him by his *Idlenesse*, who of his great *goodnesse* hath so farre already *trusted* to his *honesty*?

As he *refuseth* no Employment, which may render him according to the measure  
of

of his Abilities *serviceable* to his Country; so is he no way *ambitious* of that which he knows to be *above* his *strength* and *reach*. As his great *love* to his Country *perswades* him not to *refuse* the *higher*, so doth his *humility* Command him to *accept* the *lower*: he accounts no *burthen heavy* which he is *able* to bear; nor any *light* which is either *beyond*, or not *worth* his bearing. He makes not his *Ease* an *excuse*, nor the *Difficulty* an *apology* for his *refusall*. He dischargeth his trust with that *fidelity*, which will be sure to *gaine* him, though perhaps the *barred* of the *Bad*, yet the *applause* and *love* of the *Good*, and the *unanimous thanks* of his Country.

§: 14. *His Studies and Recreations*

That he may in good time be fitted for the *Calling* he intends, he begins to think upon it early in the *Morning* of his age, and accustomes himself to the *yoake* whilst he is *young*, that so he may bear it without *galling* his neck when he growes *old*. He make it *now* his *businesse* to gather the *Thyme*, which he intends shall prove *Hony*



hereafter, and to lay up in the Spring what may stand him in stead when his winter is come. That he may indeed be young in Old age, he learns to be old in his youth: and he sucks so much out of every science now, as Experience and years may by degrees hereafter improve into that Prudence which becomes a Gentleman.

Having in his greener years only so much discretion, as to find the want of what he should have, he is willingly directed by the prudence of another, till he can get enough for himselfe. He is not Impatient of Subjection now to that wise and grave Instructor, from whose both dictates and examples he hopes to gaine so much as may make him the Instructor of others hereafter: And he learns so betimes to obey, that the world may never have reason to say he began to Command too soone. It is his choice to live under a severe discipline, rather than to be left to himself as his own Master; lest perhaps failing in his first Command, whereby he should have Govern'd himself, he might despaire of better success in his second of commanding others. His first care therefore now is to be wholly guided

guided by him to whose prudence he is intrusted; lest by rejecting him, he might seem to disparage the judgment of his parents, who made that choice for him. Where the Commands laid upon him seem to him irrational, so long as he knows them not sinful, he had rather distrust his own judgment, then neglect his directors counsel. And he never thinks himself (as very many doe) a better man then his guide, till he be sure he knows the way to that he aims at, better then he. He never shows himself more to be his own man, and at his own disposal, then by this unconstrained act of resigning himself up unto another.

When he is come to that maturity of Age and Discretion, as to be able to benefit himself by his Company, he will be sure to make choise of such Companions as may serve him instead of Books, and of such Books as he intends shall often serve him for Companions; He is not ashamed to be now the worst man in that Company wherein he may learn from his betters how to be the best in another: this is much more honourable, then to be the best man there, where he can never learne to be better, but often

often worse then he was before.

The *Studies* whereunto he cherefully applies himself, are such as will more make the man, then please the Boy. He takes delight in nothing which will send him back again towards his *Infancy*, but *Innocence*. As for *Poetry* and such like pleasing studies, he does not wholly neglect them, but uses them as good *sauces* to make others more substantial, and nourishing, relish the better. He loves not to spend his time in cracking Empty Nuts without a Kernel; nor to break his tender teeth by gnawing upon Sapless bones. Neither Nice Criticisms nor tough Notions, can recompence him for the vast expence of that precious time, he should be at in making himself the Master of either. When he is entred into the fair garden of the *Muses* it is not his only businesse to pick up here and there a few leaves to hide the Nakednesse of his discourse; or to adorne it with Blossomes and flourishes out of some Poetick figment, or Romantick story; but he gathers, eats, & digests that which is fruit indeed, and such as is truly wholesome and nourishing: Nor doth he, as the Emperours Army, lie loytering, and picking up

up *Cockle Shells* upon the shores of good literature, but he boldly launches out into the maine *Ocean*, and there contemplates the wonders of the deep. It is not his design to be called, *Witty Gentleman*, and such an one as can talke *high*, and breath *flashes*, and *thunder* out *big* words, and store himselfe with so many *jests*, and so much *Bombast*, as may *tickle* some, and *stupifie* others; he studies more to make himself a *man*, then a *Companion*; and more how to live and do well, then talke finely. True *Histories*, and *Sound Politicks*, and grave *Moral* discourses, are the fruitfull Gardens where his *Muses* doe ordinarily recreate themselves: that so by his *Pleasures* as well as *Paines* both the *Common-wealth* may in due time be happy in him, and he in himself. As for those *lighter* and more *ayery* studies, such as too frequently by their lovely *paint* and *dissembled* beauty, *steale* away the *amorous* and *unfixed* youth of most Gentlemen, he makes the same use of them which he does of his *Galleries* or his *Arbours*; whither, now and then he comes to take a *turne* or two for *Recreation's* sake, and as he passes along sometimes casts a *carelesse* eye  
upon

upon those many pretty blossomes or pictures which he finds there. These may for a moment or two command his eye, but never his affection. Of such toys he had rather say hereafter that he *has seen* them, then that he *knows* them. He would be ignorant of nothing, but he would only be acquainted with the best. He has a more Masculine stomach, then to feed upon that which is all sauce, but if there be a little in the Dish, to make him relish his meat the better, he is not displeased with it, though so long as his meat of it self is good, he doth not greedily desire it.

Divinity can never lie out of the true Gentlemans way, because he is alwaies going towards Heaven: For notwithstanding she seems so pale faced, and of so soure a Countenance to those that love her not, because they do not know her, yet is there so much heavenly beauty, and so many noble features discernable in her face, by the Gentlemans undistemper'd Eye, that he soon begins in earnest to love her, and he can never go on farre in any other path whatsoever, but he must often cast a longing Eye back upon her. Still bearing in mind the  
happy

*happy place* whither he is travelling with so good a will, he calls in at other *Arts* and *Sciences* as at so many *Inns*, to take a short *repast* by the way: or he stands looking upon them a while, as upon so many way-marks set up at the several *turnings* & *crosse-paths*, that from them he may receive *directions* which way to turne: But the knowledge of his *God*, that's the way he constantly walks in, and that which will certainly bring him at last to that *home*, where he shall meet with a *Welcome*, which will abundantly recompence the *tediousness* of his journey, and an *entertainment* suitable to the *Quality* of a *Gentleman*.

His way being *long*, it is not amisse that he allows himselfe sometimes a *recreation* and *diversion*. But then his *recreation* shall be alwaies such as he dares not make his *business*, and yet such as he dares safely make his *play*: It hath alwaies so much of *Innocence* as to be *blamlesse*, and so much *Brevity* as to be no *Hinderance*. It has so much *Youthfulness*, as not to be a *Business*, and yet so much *Business* as not to be *Boyish*. It shall bring with it so much real *pleasure* as may make it a *refreshment*, and yet so little

little loveliness as may spoile the temptation. He may step over the Hedge into the pleasant Meadow, and pluck a sweet flower or two to smell to as he goes along, but he dares not lie him down, or rowle himself upon the tender grasse, lest he should be tempted to too long a stay and thereby be benighted in his journey.

He thinks it no prudence to fall in love with any sport, which like a cunning thiefe, smiles him in the face; whilest it cuts his purse, steals away his time, and cheats him of a good Conscience. If *Agar* once begin thus to insinuate her selfe into those affections, which are only due to her *Mistresse*; out of doors she shall goe. He intends not to sell his *Charity* at so cheap a rate, as the false pleasure of his game; Nor has he so little either thrift or Religion, as to make so foolish an Exchange and part either with his Soule or his Time for the Transitory delight of a dangerous temptation. His usual Recreation therefore is, to make a play of his Study. He makes one study, like a shooing-horne, to draw on another, and makes the variety the recreation. Thus he takes the surest course that may be for making, his  
Study.



Study so much his *Delight*, he saves himself the labour of studying for a *Past-time*.

§. 15. *His Good Husbandry at Home.*

When the Gentleman comes to have the managing of his own *Estate*, he takes pains to instruct the World, how farr a man may be *Frugall* with *Honour*, and a *Good Husband* without a suspicion of being *worldly* or *covetous*, & againe how *freely* a man may spend his *Estate*, and yet be not *prodigall*. He hath so *Circumspect* and watchfull an Eye upon all his *affaires*, that you may see he had much rather give away his *estate*, then be cheated of it. He would be cozen'd of nothing, for fear of losing the opportunity of bestowing much. As he would not allow the *unfaithfulness* of a *servant*, to prevent the *Bounty* of the *Master*; so neither would he have the *Masters negligence* to occasion the *servants dishonesty*.

His *Table* is moderate, that so his *Charity* and *Hospitality* may exceed: as he studies to be good himselfe, so endeavours he to make every member of the *Family* as good as he; and he will have his *servants* to be his

his *Disciples*, no lesse then his *Children*, Neither ever does he so wholly vindicate their *service* to himself, but he allows them *time enough* to pay what they owe both to God and their *owne soules*.

If his condition of life be *single*, he so behaves himself therein, that no man shall thence be able to conclude, either that he wants a *Wife*, or his *house* a *Mistresse*; So much *Chastity* has the one, and so much good order is there in the other. But if he thinke it fit to *change* his condition, he endeavours to chuse a *second selfe*, that may suite with the former; that so they may be (as neere as he can effect it) one *Spirit*, as well as one *flesh*. Whom, not long agoe, he courted rather as a *Virtue* then a *Mistresse*, he now uses as a *wife*, and not as a *servant*; not (as 'tis usually of late) calling her *Mistresse* and *Lady* before she be his *wife*, whom he intends to make his *drudge* all her life time after. Nor does he (as too many) marry onely for *Adony*; knowing that such are in danger of committing *Adultery* after *Marriage*, seeing they never marri'd the *Woman*, but her *Portion*. With him *Virtue* and *Love*, not *Money* and *Parentage*, make the match, and

and the question he asks, is not—*What has she?* but—*What is she?* He makes *Prudence* and *Religion* the guides of his *Love*; and so he becomes as good an *Husband* and *Father*, as before he was a man.

Sect. 16. *His Religion.*

I have told you (Sir) already that the Gentleman is not *ashamed* to be call'd a *Religious* man; although that *Epithete* be thought no better then a terme of *debasement*, by the *degenerate* Gentry of our age. He ownes a *God*, and he *Worships* him, and makes that *Honour* which he observes others to render unto *God*, the ground of his respect to *them*. He looks upon no man as a *Gentleman*, but *him* alone, who derives his *pedigree* higher then from *Adam*, even from *Heaven*: and he accompts all those who can brook any *Dishonour* or *Contempt* of their *God*, that one *Common Father* of us all, as a *Bastard* and no *Son*. It would be no *Honour* for him to seek an acquaintance here upon *Earth*, and therefore by his frequent *Devotions* he often goes to seek out a better in *Heaven*; where he may be sure to

to meet with such as shall be worth his keeping. He dares call every man a *Fool* to his face, who with *Dauids Fool*, suffers either his *tongue* or his *heart* to say, *There is no God.*

If you ask him what *Religion* he is of, his answer is ready, o *fnis mothers*; that is he is a *true Son* of the *Church*: And yet is he only so far *her Son*, as he sees her willing to continue his *Saviors Spouse*. Neither is he content to be still an *Infant* in Religion, and to be taught only (as *mothers* use to teach their *young children*) to say his *prayers* and his *Creed* by rote, but he *prayes* and *believes* and *practises* all truly by heart. Notwithstanding, he never forgets his *Mother*, nor neglects to *Honour* her with his *Life* and *Substance*. He is alwaies more ready to take her *Directions* for the *Forme* and *Method* of all his *duties*, then to be *Disciplined* by all those *Cheating Dry-Nurses* which are so busy about him, such as indeed have *talke* enough, but (alas) no *Milke*, whose whole businessse is indeed to make him *undutifull* to his own *Mother*, and to set light by all her *Counsels*, and *Commands*, perswading him to believe that a *true Child* of

of God, is not subject to a Mother in any thing, And they never show their venomous teeth more plainly, then when they go about to make him forget what this Mother of all Christians, by strict Command from her Dearest Lord, has ever been most careful to teach all her children, to say—OUR FATHER.

He goes not to Church to save his Credit or his Purse, to see his friend, or speak with his Tenant but to meet his Heavenly Father, and Commune with his God, and take Directions from him how to behave himself the following Week or Day. When he is there, he makes his heart accompany his tongue, and his Eare keep time with the Preacher. Every Morning and Evening, like a Dutifull Son, he in private Confesseth his faults, and begs his Fathers pardon and blessing; and for the better ordering of his following duties, reads over with care and humility some part of those Directions, which he had long since commanded his servant to set down in writing for his use.

He chuseth his Religion, not by its commonness but its truth, and often weighs each branch

branch of in the *Balance* of the *Sanctuary*, that he may be sure it is *full weight*. He takes it not up by *votes*, nor (as it is most evident too many do) thrust his hand at all *per adventure* into an *Hat*-full of *Lots*, being content with whatsoever he *hits* on *first*, for should he goe the *first* way to work, he knows, he should be sure to have, not what's *best* and *soundest*, but the *easiest*, and most *gainful*; if the latter, it is an hundred to one that he shall draw a *blanck*, and be made an *Atheist* for his labour. Here he dares not by any meanes follow or embrace what's most in *Fashion*, for that ('tis clear) is *Hypocrisie*, the cunning *Sister* of *Atheisme*, or *Atheisme* *shamed* or *frighted* into *conformity*: but he professes that which is most *Ancient*, for that (he may be sure) will at last be found most true.

His *Religion* is not such a *Young, Light,* and *wanton* *Girle*, as pleases the vain *Phancy* of every giddy *Interested Professor*; but such a *Grave Matron*, whose natural *Beauty* and *Constancy*, the *Gray-haires* of *Prudence* and *Sobriety*, have ever judg'd to be truly *Venerable* and most deserving of the *Christians* embraces. This is that worthy *Lady*,  
which

which he dayly courts to make her the *Mistress* and *Protectress* of his *Soule*, and she it is alone that can give him a *breeding* fit for *Heaven*.

He shoves how freely he can go on in the waies of *Godlinesse* without a *Spurres*; and how *base* a thing it is, and unbecoming his *Quality* to be driven into *Heaven* by force. By his *haste* and *cheerfulness* in his race, he evidences his *sense* of the worth of what he aims at; And by his *eagerness* in the pursuit of another world, endeavours to confute the *fally* of those, who would linger out an *eternity* ( were it possible ) amongst the *Onyons* and *Fleshpots* of this *Egypt*. As he was borne a *man*, so he had his *Inheritance* upon *Earth*; but as he is *New-borne* a *Christian*, he leaves this *trash* to the *Prodigall younger Brother*, expecting a *Possession durable in the Heavens*.

He feares as little the name of *Precise* and *Zealous*, wherewith the *Devill* in the Mouths of his *Disciples*, thinks to fright him out of all *Holiness*; as they understand them, who thus too frequently *abuse* them. That *Boysterous* breath which the *prophane* world sends forth to *deride* and *cross* him in his intended



intended voyage, he, like a skilful Pilate so orders by the right *Composing* of his Sayles, that he makes *that* his greatest *advantage* and furtherance, which was intended for his *ruine*. He can go to Heaven with any *wind*, and with any *Name*, where he is *sure* to meet with a *title* of Honour, a name *written in the Book of Life*, even the Honour of all his *Saints*. He cannot phancy that to be any *debasement* of his Spirit, which carries him out upon so *High* and *Noble* Achievements; but thinks it an *Happinesse* to go into *Canaan*, though it be through a *Red Sea*, and a rude *Wildernesse*; whilest others (alas) feed so greedily upon the *Quailes*, that they never *say grace*, but in a *murmuring*, that they have not *more* and *better* cheer; He feeds more upon his *hopes*, then his *enjoyments*, and blesses his God for *both*.

And now this *Religion*, which he has thus wisely *espoused*, and entirely *loves*, he dares not prostitute to *Interest* or *Humour*: But as any man accounts the enjoyment of *one* thing which he principally *loves*, enough to recompence him for all that he has been constrain'd to part within his pursuit after it

it: so the *Religious Gentleman* can freely part with both *Honour* and *Interest*, with all he enjoys, and all he hopes for here, for his *Religions* sake, being sure to find them all againe hereafter, in the fruition of *Her*, whom he so sincerely loves. Like a *Prudent* lover, he removes all occasions of *Jealousy* from his beloved; His *Religion* shall never have cause to feare, that either his *Pleasure* or his *Honour*, or his *Profit*, shall gaine so much upon his affections, as to become her *Rivall*.

§. 17. *The Conclusion of this.  
Character.*

Thus (Sir) Whilest I goe about to give you the Character of a true *Gentleman*, I am false into that of a *Christian*; and indeed no wonder, for there is such a necessary *Connexion* betwixt those two, that they seem to be no more then the *Different Names* of the same man. If you desire to have his picture in a lesse compasse here it is.

The true *Gentleman*, is one that is God's *Servant*, the *Worlds Master*, and his own man.

I

His

His *Vertue* is his *Businesse*, his *Study* his *recreation*, *Contentednesse* his *rest*, and *Happinesse* his *reward*. God is his *Father*, the *Church* is his *Mother*, the *Saints* his *Brethren*, all that *need* him his *Friends*, and *Heaven* his *Inheritance*. *Religion* is his *Mistresse*, *Loyalty* and *Justice* her *Ladies* of *Honour*; *Devotion* is his *Chaplain*, *Chastity* his *Chamberlain*, *Sobriety* his *Butler*, *Temperance* his *Cook*, *Hospitality* his *Housekeeper*, *Providence* his *Steward*, *Charity* his *Treasurer*, *Piety* is *Mistress* of the *House* *Discretion* the *Portor*, to let in and out as is most fit. Thus is his whole *Family* made up of *Vertues*, and he the true *Master* of his *Family*. He is necessitated to take the world in his way to Heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can; and all his businesse by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two words, he is a *man* and a *Christan*.

And here (Sir) 'tis time that I beg both the Gentlemans pardon and Yours, for thus abusing his name; and presuming to give you his Character, whose excellencies are not to be comprehended, much lesse expressed, by any one lesse then himselfe. I have

have an *Apology* at hand, for giving you this *rude and imperfect draught* of his *Picture*: that I give it you *at all*, it is my *obedience* to your *Command*; that you receive it so *misshapen* and *ill proportion'd*, besides the *little experience* and *lesse skill* of the *painter*, he has this to say for himselfe; he could hardly tell where, being absent from such as you Sir, to find a *true Gentleman* to draw it by: But either he was constrained to take it from the *Dead*, and then no wonder if his work fall short both of *complexion* and *life*; or by that faint *Idea* he had in his own mind, & therefore he hopes he is excusable, though he sometimes mistake in the *Feature*. If you meet in any place with too *deep a shadow*, where there should be more *light*, he desires, that beside the *weaknesse* of his *eye*, you would consider the *Darknesse* of the *Time*, and the *uncertain light* he saw by. For we live so much in the *Evening* of the world, when the thick and foggy *mists* of *Ignorance* darken the air; and that fading light we have, is so *variously refracted* by our *Glittering vices*; and so often reflected by the *disfigured glasses* of *Phancy* and *Humour*; that there is nothing troubles him so

much, as that he is unhappily furnished with so many *excuses* to plead for his *error*. But if any will not be satisfied with this he yet lays claim to a further *Privilege* of a *Painter*, that is, to be a little more *talkative*, and to say something more in vindication of what he has done; and thereby demonstrate, that the excellent *Original* he would have *Copy'd*, is either not at all, or very rarely to be met with, at this *day* in *England*.

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**SECT. 4.**

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## S E C T. IV.

§. 1. *How few of the true Gentlemen are now to be found in England.*

I Need not tell You (Sir) who have paid so dear for the sad *changes*, that it is our hard hap to live in a *reforming* Age, wherein most things grow every *day new*, but very few things *better*. And I do heartily wish it were as seriously *Consider'd* by *themselves*, as it is well *known* to most, *rejoyced* at by some, and sadly *lamented* by others, what a *decrease* and *wanting* there has been in the *Gentry* of *England* within a few of the last years; and that not only in the *number* of their *Persons*, and *largeness* of their *Estates*, but even in the *Excellencies* of their *Souls*, and the *greatness* of their *Vertues*, as if it had been a *small* thing for them to live so long the *despised Vassals* of their *Hypocritical Adversaries*, the good *masters* that have so long *ruled* us, except they had

had been permitted by the severest kind of *cruelty* to take *vengeance* of their own *vertues*, and render themselves ten times more the wretched *Captives*, and despicable *slaves*, of their own *Tyrannical Lusts*, and *Atheistical Humours* then before. Indeed an *Atheist* and a *Gentleman* in the opinion of many, have for a long time been either *Synonymous*, or at least *Convertible* termes: I dare not, I confesse, have such hard thoughts of *all*, though I could hartily wish, they would rather take some paines by their *lives* and *Conversations* to prove this to be an *absurd*, then *stretch* their *lungs* to cry out upon it; and *swear* it to be a *rash* and *uncharitable* Censure.

Indeed, if on the *one side*, in a feigned *show* of Religion to exclaime against *drunkenness* and *swearing*, and other such like *lowd* and *open* Prophaneesses, will suffice to deno-  
 minate the *Saint*: Or if on the *other side* to cry out upon *Hypocrisy* and *Injustice*, *Rebellion* and *Sacriledge*, *Lying* and *Perjury* may be thought sufficient to constitute a true *Son* of the *Church of England*: then have we *all* enough to say for our selves, and to prove that most of our *Gentlemen* are



are indeed *Christians*. But alas, it is too manifest, that on the *one* hand, all this *Canting* and *superficial Sanctity*; all these *strained sighs* and *groanes*, and *turn'd up Eyes*, are no better then *Sathans Sundaies Garbe*, or the painted *maske* and *vizards*, which *Avarice*, *Ambition* and *Interest* love to be seen in abroad. These are the *enriching Crafts*, whereby our *Demetriuse's* get their wealth. Many who have pass'd for *Saints* a long time (*experience* has shown it us) have been just such as *he*, who had rather make *Silver shrines* for *Diana*, so they may be sure to be well paid for their work, then build *Temples* for the *Worship* of a *Crucified Jesus* in hopes of an *Heaven*, and meet with his *Cross* for their paines. And on the *other* hand, all those *ravings* which we daily hear against *Oppression*, *Hipocrisy* and *Tyrany*, I am afraid, they are not so often the *seasonable overflowings* of a *devout Spirit*, a *sincere Soul*, and a *Loyal heart*; as the wild *out-rages* of a *boiling Passion*, of a *confined Vice*, and a *restrained lust*, which makes the sufferer like a *mad man* to *gnaw* upon his *chains* and *fetters*: or else they are the *violent motions* of a *revengfull Soul*, which *frets* it self at the pro-

*ſperity* of the wicked, and had rather ſee its *enemies miſerable*, then it ſelf ſober and good. This is in truth that which many have thought enough to give either party the title of *religious*: but how they make good their claim to this title in their *Actions*, it is but too viſible.

Certainly if the *Gentleman's* life and ordinary *Converſation* may be thought (as it ought to be) the beſt *Index* to point us out to his *opinion*; we ſhall have much ado to meet, in moſt of thoſe that own that name, with a good *Opinion* either of God or *Religion*. Moſt of them (I am ſure the *Younger* ſort) do grudge either of theſe the leaſt place in their *diſcourſe*, and therefore, it is to be fea'd as little in their *thoughts*. They would as ſoon, nay much ſooner make choice of a *Tinker* or a *Fidler*, then of a *Religious* man for their *Companion*. Alas, ſuch an one would ſpoil all their *mirth*, and make their very *lives*, by plunging them into a *melancholly mood*, meer *torments* to them. Any thing that's *grave* and *ſerious* they perfectly *loath*, and utterly *rejeſt*, as that which cannot at preſent ſuit with their more *ſprightly* and *flourishing* years;  
Age

*Age and scarcity of their Juvenile blood,* will hereafter (they think) make this a business of Course, and so they had rather have it then make it now a matter of choice: what need they be Religious now, who shall (as they think) whether they will or no, be so before they die?

If we should but a while take notice how many Riots the Gentlemen of our times daily commit, all those wanton Frolicks and Revellings they are not onely guilty of, but glory in; especially when they are at the Taverne or some other good house of expence and Merriment, we should be readier to lose our selves in Admiration of their Madness, then to find out any thing of reall Honour and Nobility in them. To behold then their Contending for the Victory over a pot, and taking the measure of their Gallantry by the strength of their Braines, or Capacity of there Bellies: to heare them there drawing up with so much complacency an Inventory and Catalogue of all their sinfull extravagances, and in a double proportion intermixing their prophaneesses with their wine: whilst they drink wine with a Song & prove themselves mighty to drink strong drinke: To

hear them roaring themselves out of breath, never taking leave of their wine, but of their senses too: nor forbearing their Oaths till they be able to *Speak* no more; would you believe these men could ever be so sober, as to mention the name of a Christian or Gentleman?

And yet 'tis most certain as well as sad, that you can never be more sure to meet with our Gentry in any place, then at these Academies of sin, and Nurseries of uncleanness, their exercising their abilities, and making themselves expert in all those arts whereby they may most gratifie *Sathan*, and as it were, in so many open Bravadoes, challenge the Almighty into the field, and dare him to do the worst he can.

But (alas) we need not seek so great an advantage over them, as to take them there, where they have so often lost themselves, and it heartily grieves me, as certainly it must do every Charitable Christian, to see them so desperately maddened with the fear of being accounted Holy; and so ravenously greedy of eternal destruction, as thus to swallow it down by whole Bowles, & make their Companions Merry at the working out of their

their own *Damnation*. Doubtlesse *Sathan* hath but too much power over these men: when they are most *Sober*, they need not give him the *advantage* of finding them so often *drunk*. Except in a *Gallantry* they desire to shew the World how *boldly* they dare *desie Heaven*, and how much they *Scorne* to owe their *ruine* to any but themselves.

At such good places as these, is it, that our *Gentlemen* make all their *Bargain*, entertain all their *friends*, treat all their *Ladies*: here they *Consult* about the weightiest affaires of the *Common-wealth*; *Seal* and *Confirm* all their agreements in the very height of their *Intemperance*; as if they were afraid they should *know* or *remember* hereafter what then they did; or as if they were *Confident* then to be in a *Capacity* of doing all things *best*, when they were least of all themselves: There can be no *meeting* at least, no *parting* without a *Cup*; as if there could be no surer *pledge* of *friendship*, or tie of a *civil Correspondence* and *Familiarity*, then by being thus *Drunk* together, or at least, next dore to it.

And now all this *Madnesse*, must be thought:

thought no worse then the *Demonstration* of that *civility* and *courtesy* which they owe one another; a *necessary kindnesse* or an *handsome treatment*: And who so refuses, either to goe along with them, or to do as they do when he is there, he is no better then an *uncivil fellow*, and no *Companion* for *Gentlemen*: what a *disgrace* is it held for a man to leave a *drop* in the bottome of his *Cup*? what *affront* is it to the *Company*, not to pledg every man his *whole one*? And not to admit every *Health*, it is no lesse then the greatest *disrespect* and *Injury* can be offer'd to the *person* in remembrance; whosoever refuseth it, especially if it be a *Lady* or a *Minion* is remembred, shall be sure to hear of it with an *Oath* now, and perhaps a *Challenge* anon.

More *Ceremony* is used, and more *Reverence* by halfe, to *set off* their drunken *Revel*, then to *grace* the *Worship* & service of their *God*: All must be bare, and all upon their *knees*, and a *Catch* instead of an *Hymne*: this is their *morning* and their *evening Devotion*; but whether this be the true *service* of their *God*, or the *busnesse* of *Gentlemen*, I dare appeal to those *Consciences* of  
theirs

theirs, which they now endeavour so to silence and drown both by their *Drinking* and there *Roaring*.

Nay, it seems very evident, that even these *Gentlemen* themselves make this *Sottish-pass-time* the most infallible *marke* of true *Galantry*: and account him a person of *worth*, and without all exceptions *fit* for their Company, whosoever can but *take off* his *Cups* handsomely, and is versed in all the *Methods* and *Maximes* of this *Hellish Art*. Indeed they have made it a kind of *Science*, and have given it so many *rules* and *lawes* of late, that he that will now be *expert* in it, had need to serve out an *Apprenticeship* to learn all the *circumstances* and *termes*, though he be never so perfect in the *Substance* before. Any person how contemptible soever shall not be thought unworthy of their company, if he be but the *Master* of this *Art*. Even he whom they would almost scorne to own for a *man*, when *Sober*, and in his *right wits*, when he is *drunk* or *mad*, though but a *Tinker* or a *Cobler*, he is a companion for *Gentlemen*. I do not grudge the poor fellows the *honour* of such *Society*, or indeed can I think it any: But



I am more the *Gentlemans friend*, and more tender of his *Reputation* than he himself: I do therefore make it my *prayer* as it is doubtlesse much the *grief* and trouble of all good men to see them otherwise at present, that they may at last become more *charitable* to themselves, then thus to *debauch* and *un-man* their own soules, and fall as much below the *Nature* of men, as the *Quality* of Gentlemen.

§. 2. *An Enquiry into the more civil  
sort of our English Gentlemen.*

But let us look upon our *Gentlemen* in a more *sober* Posture; though, I am afraid they will take it as an *Injury* done them, to consider them thus *abstractedly* from the highest degree of *debauchery*: take away their *Pot* and their *Pipe*, and you rob the most of them, of the most delightful *method* they know, of *spending* their *time*, which is such a *trouble* to them. This is it, which is their *burthen*, and their *disease*, that as the Stag with the Arrow in his side, they run, and shift, and throw themselves about from place to place, and are alwaies *mad*  
to

to be rid on't; 'till the *sad moment* appeare wherein they are call'd out of the world, and then their *time* and *life*, both equally *desired*, *vanish* together. This *wasting* of their *time*, they esteeme as a thing so *innocent* in it selfe, that they seem to apprehend a *Goodnesse* in it, great enough to make them a *pretence* for all their *other* vices, and *sinful* employments, shrouding them all under the generally approved names of *Necessary Pass-times* and *diversions*. *Cards* or *Dise*, *Bowling* or *Hunting*, or *Fidling*, or any thing that has but a *Motion* in it to delude the tediousnesse of their *houres*: shall be welcome to them, and thought to be things not onely *harmlesse* and *honest*, but as invented to this good end of *passing away* the *time*, things *desireable* by most, and very *commendable* in a *Gentleman*. In these they *merrily* spend, both their *Nights* and their *Dayes*, their *livelyhoods*, and the greatest part of their *lives*; whilst the poor neglected *Soul* all this while, cannot be allowed so much as *half an hour's* time in the *Morning*, by her *Devotions*, and viewing her face in the *Glasse* of *Gods Word*, to *dresse* her self for *Heaven*.

Into

Into how many *Gentlomens Families* shall you come, where they do not ordinarily by sleeping out all the morning; make it *Night till Noon*? They rise from their Beds just so early as their *Dinners* may prevent their *Devotion*: When they are thus removed from *Bed* to *Board*, they feed there their *Lusts* better than their *Bodies*, and yet their *Bodies* more than their *Soules*. The *Table* is the *Altar* where they sacrifice their *Healths* to their *Appetites*; and *Temperance* to *Luxury*. They chuse their meat, by its *Cost* and *Rarity*, not *Use* and *Wholsomnesse*; and it is too true a Proverb, That *what's farre fetch'd and deare bought. is meat for Gentlemen*. After they have thus satiated for a while their *Lusts*, and gratified the delicacy of their *Pallates*, they must sit out an hour's *impertinent* and *idle tattle* to digest their excess: when they have done this, they are ready for another nap, and that prepares them for another meale, except the *Tavern* or their game prevent it.

If they chance to hear of some *Pamphlet*, *Libell* or *Pasquill*, wherein some honest name is a sufferer, or where *Chastity* is put to do

do penance in an *obscene sheet*; any picee of *Drollery* or wanton *Ballad* upon a *Mistress*, a *New Romance* or a *play*, presently the *News* of it is dispatch'd from one to another, these shall be *read* and *pondered over and over*, and be their discourse and *passé-time* at every meeting. For mine own part it hath very rarely been my *Fortune* to meet with a *Club* of *Gentlemen*, but as often as I have, I have been *frighted* out of it again, or have had good cause to *repent* me afterwards, that I was *not* so, by that *wild* kind of *behaviour*, and *looseness* of talk I heard or saw amongst them. The *best* of their talk at any meeting, is but to ask and impart the *News* then stirring, or to give their judgments of the *Ladies* and the *fashion* of the times; to find fault with their *own* *Taylors*, or to commend *another's*; to *droll* out the time, or vie *Wits* by abusing each other, but every man most of all himselfe. If any man in the Company can (and there be not many that can do so much) by some *slight probleme*, make a shift to pose his fellowes; he thinks he has done wonders, and has sufficiently vindicated his *credit* from the Imputation of *Ignorance*.

*morance or idlenesse for ever.*

Alas( Sir )what is it that even the *prime* of our *Gentlemen* pride themselves in? even *they* whom we are prone to esteem highly, and stile *Civil* and *Ingenuous* Persons! what but a little *vain* and *glittering* Apparrell and he's the Compleatest *Gentleman* for the most part, who wears the best *suit*, and shines most in a *tinsel* bravery. Who is thought the man of the highest *inward* accomplishment, but he that can talk *volubly* of the *custome*, and *vices* of the *Court*, or that which is most *like* it now there is *none*? He that can tell you how much he is *court*-*ed* by the *Ladies*, and how much he is in *favour* with our *Great Folks*. He that can expresse himself *modestly* in a *Complement*, that can *speake* much, and *dance* well, and *hand* his *Lady* with the greatest *grace* along the *streets*. these are the *brave gentlemen* that are every where cry'd up as they go for *Gallant* and well accomplish'd persons. Or if you would go higher yet, then he must be the man, that has *laden* his memory with a few broken *Ends* and *Chippings* of *History*: or can tell you strainge stories of the *fashions* and *Customes* of *other Nations*, and

and tell you where he has been, and what rarities he has seen; and at once perhaps both *discommend* and *practise* their vices. Or if he be yet a more through *Scholar*, and generally acquainted both with *books* and *men*, so far as to *applaud* and *censure* and talk *Skeptically*: If he be an exquisite *Mathematician*, or *Musician*, or the like; We think we have reason enough to suppose him company for the *best*; and certainly he were so, would he but labour to be *one* of them, when he is *amongst* them. But, alas what's become of his *God* and his *Religion* all this while? If you can find a little of either in his *discourse*, 'tis much, though there be just *nothing* of them in his *life*; All those *other* accomplishments were truly commendable, were they thus accompanied; but not being so (*alas*) they are stark naught.

Let us passe on to those who are thought by many the most *Sober* and *serious* persons of all others, and even amongst these (I fear) we shall find too many, on whom we can only bestow this *poor* commendation, that they are more *gravely wicked*, more *cautiously sinfull*, and more *soberly Atheistical*,

*call.* Such are the men, who (as I have told you before) flatter themselves up in a kind of *Negative Justice*; and thereby with those whose persons and estates they have not *actively* violated or deminished, are esteem'd persons of much worth and Honour; and yet these are no better then the ramer sort of *Sathans* servants, whom by a long *usage* he has made somewhat lesse wanton, and brought up to his hand; and has taught them to cozen and dissemble almost as well as himself. I need not tell any affectionate Son of the distressed Church of England; how good friends and servants, these good, honest, civil, sober, and Prudent, have all along been to their poor Mother: How many of them have quietly stood by, and look'd on, if with no delight, yet (I am sure) with a great deal of unworthy patience, and base connivence, whilst she has been mercilessly torn in pieces, by the cruel teeth of those ravenous beasts, which pretended to watch and defend her: and yet not so much as an Arrow shot out of any other Quiver then their mouths in a Chimney-corner, against any of them. Whilst the Younger Gentlemen want true  
*Prudence,*



*Prudence*, and the *old* have too much of that they miscall so, they all prove very bad *Souldiers*, for such as pretend to fight under *Christs Banner*, and on the behalf of his *Church*; which truly now, if ever may be call'd truly *Militant*, and that too for want of good *Souldiers*. If our English Gentlemen be made to stay for, and expect their *Honour*, till they shall be *Knighted* in the field for that good service which they have done the *Church*, of which they would be thought *Members*; It will I fear, be a sad and unwelcome sword must *Dub* them.

It is too plainly apparent, that very few of them have so much reall *Honour*, as may make them sensible how they lose it. For if they had, could you imagine it possible, that so many horrid *murthers* and *rapines*, so many incredible *Treasons* and *Blasphemies*, such as their *Posterity* will not find faith enough to believe, should be thus openly acted and frequently vented even in their faces; and not a man so much as move his hand to revenge what's past, or prevent what's to come? Nay how often have the greatest part of them, by a base compliance with those men who have alwaies struck at the  
very

very root of that Religion, which they so solemnly (some of them more then once) swore to defend, given themselves not onely the lie, but the perjury? Alas, their Honours are so jaded by drawing after them the Dung-Cartes, of their estates, that they now brooke any rider whatsoever. Had but one tenth part of those vast sums of Money; and those many excellent parts, which these supposed Good-husbands, have prodigally lavish'd out in the Tavern, or at their Game, been put to that good use it might have bin, the Church might have received her own with usury; England might yet have had the face of England, and they deserved the Name of Gentlemen.

Sect. 3. *An Appeale to the Gentlemans own Conscience.*

For Confirmation of all this that hath been said, I shall dare to make my appeal to the Gentleman's Conscience though I dare not think it to be one of the best or most impartiall in this case. I heartily wish he could in earnest and in truth tell me, that whosoever saith England has now but few  
true

true *Gentlemen*, is guilty of a *Scandall*. I confesse I could almost willingly be guilty of the *Sin*, upon condition his *innocence* would once prove me a *liar*.

If he can think it possible to be a true *Gentleman* without any sense of true *Honour* or *religion*; or if he dares call him *Religious* and thinks him *desirous* of *Heaven*, who (though his whole *life* be little enough to prepare for it, yet) grudges to spend one *minute* of his time to gain it: If he have the *charity* to account him *pious*, who suffers his *soul* to *starve* for want of *Spiritual* food, and yet can *feast* and *Pamper* up his *tusts* every hour: if he can have a true sense of *Honour*, who can phancy himselfe happy in *Sathan's* service, and oftner upon his *knees* to him then to his *God*; who makes his *Soul* the very *drudge* of his *Body*, and his *carnal* appetite the *Mistresse* of his *life*; and every one of his *members* the *slave* of some *lust* or other: If that man can rationally be thought, to set a *just* estimate upon an *honest* reputation, who had rather lie *dabbling* in the *dirt*, and wallowing in the *mire* of *Sin*, then walke in the pleasant paths of *Holinesse*; the *high way* to *Heaven*:

IF

If it be a mark of *Religion*, to drein out a vast estate, by a vain *ambition* placed in *fine* cloaths, *delicious* meats, *rich* wines: *wasting* Games, and other such like *expensive* sins as are now the *mode*; and all this while, not one *mite* cast into Gods *exhausted* treasury, not a *Rag* designed to cover the poor mans *nakednesse*; If to behold Gods own *peculiar* servants and *Ambassadors* lie starving in the streets for want of some few morsels or crumbs of that bread which they grudg not by *whole* loaves to throw to their Dogs: If to see Gods *House* all on fire, occasion'd by the *outrages* of their own *flaming* passions; and Gods *children* frying in the midst of the flame, and yet not so much as *move* a foot to fetch a little water to quench the one, or stretch out an *arme* to *save* the other: if any man can judge these things to be the tokens of *Religion* or *Honour*: If to sit still all the day *idle*, and laugh at those who are *working* in the *Vineyard*? if to come into a *Church* with a long train of *gandy* attendants, and to *shine* a while there in a little *garish* pomp; if to sit in the *highest* *Pue*, and to make this the chief part of their *devotion* (without so

much

much as the Pharisee's *Lord I thank thee?*) that they are better then other men; if to iustle a poor neighbour out of their presence, with a stand off, for I am more *Honourable* then thou, if to scoffe at all those who make any shew of *Piety*, or to deride all those who think it necessary to have more then a show, be the *infallible* characters whereby we may know a *Gentleman*, then indeed I must of necessity confesse we have yet more then enough such *Gentlemen* in this poor *England*.

I had rather mourne in secret, and in sadness of Spirit, sigh out the rest unto my God, then proceed at present any further in to unpleasant a theme. O that the spilt blood of Christs poor languishing sponse, cry not too lowd in Heaven at the last day, not only against those bloody soules, who have now barbarously thrust their spears into her side; and with inhumane hands torne out her very Bowels; but even against all those too, who could have a Calme upon their Spirits, whilst the tempest continued in the Church, and could hold it prudence to sit still, and not come forth to the help of Gods sponse, and his anointed one against the mighty, and

K

there

therefore only because they appeared mighty. My prayers are, that an *early*, and an *active* repentance, may seasonably prevent their *threatned* ruine; and a timely *understanding* of their own names, may make them before it be too late, truly sensible of their *duties*, and in earnest endeavour to regain that *Honour*, which they have been too remiss hitherto in preserving *spotlesse*. This is my great *Charity* to the *Gentlemans* soul, and the highest *respect* I can conceive any man owes to his *person*, is to wish that *part* of him *best*, which he seems to regard *least*, I would to God he could *once*, though *late*, have so great a charity and respect for himself, that so he might not one day be found, with *weeping*, and *wailing*, and *gnashing of teeth*, crying out upon himself with no lesse *reason* then *despair* and *horror*, even as that *once glorious* Church, to the untimely *ruine* whereof his *sins* have in so large a measure contributed, cries out upon him now with *sorrow* and *amazement*. Had he not shown himself all along so *stupidly* senselesse of, and *brutishly* unconcern'd, in the *afflictions* of *Joseph*, I might have had the *charity*, to think him  
capable

capable of *counsel* and *advice*, and to wish him *one* better able than *my self* to serve him herein. However give me leave to mention one or two of those *considerations*, before I conclude this letter, which (doubtlesse) if he have not quite forgot himselfe, must needs sink deep into his thoughts, and provoke him, if any thing can do it, now he is at such a distance, to returne to himself.

§. 4. *Motives to the Gentleman to be indeed Religious and first of common Civility.*

To perswade the Gentleman to be good, a man would think were no hard task, seeing he takes it so ill, that any man should suspect him to be otherwise: and yet notwithstanding, it may well be thought a very difficult and bold undertaking, when it shall be consider'd how much he is in love with his present self, for as selfe love is blind whensoever it should look upon its own faults; so is it altogether as deaf when it should hearken to instruction. Yet because the difficulty lies not so much in making him understand what he should be, as in making



king him see how much he is at present what he ought to be; for that he ought to be good and Religious I know he will readily grant, but that he is *not so* already we shall have much adoe to perswade him to believe: Seeing one half of our work is already done to our hand in his own conscience, we may have the greater encouragement to proceed in the other yet behind. I am confident, that by reading what goes before, he cannot chuse but behold himselfe in his own shape, at least in one so like it, that the very sight must of necessity beget in him an hatred of the old object, and a love to the new: and therefore at present I shall confidently suppose, that I have no more to do but this, to let him see in some measure how rational a thing it is for him to be, what he himselfe so well knows, he should be.

I intend not here to trouble you, or him with any large Encomium of *Vertue* or *Religion*, which would swell up this Discourse much above the just proportion of a Letter; neither is it my purpose to call all those *Auxiliaries* I might from several common places be supplied withall, to compleat my conquest

conquest over the *Gentlemans affections*: I shall only mention *one or two* of those *motives*, which I hope may be, I am sure in another world infallibly be prevalent and effectual.

The *first* and *slightest* which I shall here most humbly offer to his serious consideration, is an argument which he too often makes use of to a worse purpose, and thereby suffers his *sensual* to gain the victory over his *spiritual* self. And this is taken from that *Topick* of *Common Civility*, which naturally obliges him to make *suitable returns* to those many *real kindnesses*, and respect which the *best* of his *friends* have ever had for him. I shall beseech him to remember, how whensoever he is by the swing of his own *dominering lusts*, no lesse then by the *attractive vices* of his acquaintance drawne to a *Taverne*, or carried on to any other *excess* or *riot*, it is to this *one pretence* he confidently betakes himself for Sanctuary: that he was meerly drawne in by the *civility* of others, and that he was not able to resist the *importunity* of his *friends*: that *common courtesy* did strongly oblige him, not to show himself *reguardlesse* of his ac-

*quaintance*, by forsaking *their company*, who had expressed themselves so *desirous*, and had taken so much paines to enjoy *him*. I wish he could but call to mind what weight this argument hath when pressed upon him by his *lowdest* companions, and assisted by his own forward *inclinations*, to that which is *evill*; and how infinitely *more* force then it ought to have, when made use of by such as *really* desire his *happinesse*, and applied to that which in it self is so deservedly *commendable*.

— Would the Gentleman but open his ears, how many *reall friends* might he heare, and such whose *Courteous Inventions* he cannot either with *Civility* or *Gratitude* refuse, every where with no small *importunity* wooing him into *Heaven*, and to walke along with *them* in those *paths* which will lead him thereunto. I might here tell him how heartily God *himself* calls and *Invites* him, and daily sends abroad his *Messengers* early and late to *beg*, and *intreat* him to *accept* of his *invitation*: how he has prepared his *Oxen* and his *Fattlings*, and made ready his *Supper*, how he *bids* him to a *Feast* of *fat things*, and to *drink wine and milk* without *money*.

money and without price: How he stands with his armes of mercy spread wide open, to receive, embrace, and kisse his returning *Prodigals*, with a new *Robe* and a *Ring*, nay with a *Crown* and a *Kingdome* to welcome them. Can it now be judged civility to refuse and slight the invitation of so bountifull and indulgent a father? I might tell him how the *Angels* in Heaven even long for his company, and will be overjoy'd to see him, and to hear him exercising that voice so long abused warbling out his lascivious *Love-Song*, or roaring it in his wild *Catches*, by bearing a part in their *Holy Quire*, in perpetual *Halelujahs* to the King of Heaven: And can he think it civility to make void the hopes, and prevent the joyes of such Heavenly company. I might further mind him how the poor *Church of England* his mother, longs to receive him again with joy into her bosome, and to kisse him with the kisses of her love, and to uncover to him her breasts of Consolation, whence he needs not draw the wind of false Doctrine, nor fear to tast the blood of Tyranny and oppression, but may suck in that sincere milk which is his soules only true nourishment; She whose tender care

and *wholsome instructions*, like an *unwise child* he hath so long *despised*, longs yet once againe to *rejoyce* in his *Love*, and would be *proud* of so *Glorious* a Son which might not only *cherish* and *defend*, but *grace* and *credit* his mother. And can he call it less then an *incivility*, to enyy Her this *Honour*, which wisheth him that *happinesse*? can he chuse rather to augment her *sorrows*, and provoke her *teares*, and bite her *breasts*, and suck out her *blood*, then *cherish* her and be *nourished* by her? All the *good men* in the World, all the most *Honourable* of Gods servants, his *special Ambassadors*, do with all the *power* of their *Rhetorick*, and *moveingnesse* of *Passion*, cry aloud, calling upon him, and beseeching him to come *home*, and live *happily* in his *Fathers house*; these who have had the high *charity* from him, to take the *care* and *charge* of him, and night and day to *watch* for his *soul*, and must be *accountable* for it at the *Great & Dreadfull Audite*. Upon Him they looke with a more *vigilant* and *tender eye*, as upon the very *best* and *fairest* of the flock, whose *straying* would be not only the *losse* of *one*, and him the *fattest* and *chief*, of all the *rest*,  
but

but such an one, as by his influence upon the others, may probably occasion the losing of many more: These perswade and intreat him, and that for *Christs sake*, for his who loved him so well, that he did not grudge to purchase him with the best treasure in Heaven, his own most precious blood: And now, how can the *Gentleman*, who pretends so highly to all manner of civility; think it less then an unworthinesse in him, to set so light by all this care, and this kindnesse? He that would be thought all courtesy, all civility, O let him not now only be unkind and discourteous to his God, and Gods Church, Gods Angels, and Gods Ministers, unto Gods Sons and his Saviour. He that expressed so remarkable a kindnesse to a false friend, who is most certainly the greatest and most dangerous of all enemies, to him who was only set by the Devill in a friends habit, to decoy him out of the way, and watch his opportunity to murder his soul; let him not now for shame be so unnatural to himself, and unkind to them, as to slight those real and sincere friends, who make it the greatest part of their study to save him from eternal torments: He that would not be bought out

of his civility, though but to a *sin*, and *sinner*, by the *high* price of an *Heaven* and *eternity*: shall he now any longer be bribed to offer so many *affronts* to his *God*, with an *Idell*, and its *endlesse* torments? Certainly if any *importunity* could ever prevail, as alas too often it hath, even to the *melting* of his *Soul* into *Sin* and *Vanity*: what must it now do? never so great, never back'd with so many *obligations* to *civility* as here: for where ever did there appear so much and so *earnest* *wooing*, and *intreating* and *begging*, and *watching*, and *dying*.

Again in civility to the *Nation* wherein he lives, and which he should labour both to *Serve* and *Credit*: he is her *Hopes*, and he should be her *Honour*: She calls him her *choice* *Treasure*, her *strongest* *Pillar*, her *potent* *Protector*: and shall he not think it *base* to *evacuate* her *hopes* and *detest* her too *charitable* *Errour*, by *neglecting* to *deserve* and *maintain* his *name*? shall it be to his *Honour* when he shall here it said by others, that the *Precious* *Stones* and *Jewels* of *England* are all but *vile* and *unprofitable*: *pebbles*: that all her *purest* *Gold* is full of *Drosse*, her *best* *pillars* quite *rotten*: and her *Guardians* her



her principall underminers and destroyers? that with the least wind that blowes, her pillars shake, and the building tumbles?

The Gentleman is that great and faire White, at which all men aim and direct the best of their Respects: and on whom they thinke the greatest of their Honours not misplaced: And is this his civility to all his Lovers and Admirers; to leave them embracing a shadow for a substance, and to pay home their affectoin and respects to him, with neglect, and disgrace, and too often with misery and ruin to themselves? Is this his care, to provide that no man shall ever be deceived in him, but he that thinks well of him? If this be the Gentlemans civility, then what, I pray Sir, is his Unkindnesse?

§. 5 A second Motive grounded upon  
Shame and Disgrace.

The next thing which I shall propose to his consideration, is that which usually has too powerfull an operation upon him; I mean Shame and Disgrace. The pretence of securing his Name and Reputation from these blurs, being another of those Fig-leaves,

leaves, wherewith he would faine hide his most foul and deformed Vices; He had rather throw himselfe headlong into the grossest sin imaginable, then by *chusing* what is best, but out of fashion with the multitude, expose himselfe to the laughter of fools and sinners. O what torment, what affliction is it to him, to be jeer'd and mock'd and hooted at by a company of mad-men, for behaving himselfe with more sobriety and wisdom then they?

Here I shall most earnestly beseech the *Gentleman* to consider, how miserably he *besfools* himselfe, and how inconsiderately he runs himselfe upon those rocks he endeavours so carefully to avoid; whilest nothing can lay him more open to shame, than that which was the first parent of it, his sin: which makes him a meer laughing-stock to all but those that pitty him. Let him remember how he daily provokes that God, who is the only Fountaine of all true Honour here, as well as Happinesse hereafter, to laugh at him and have him in derision. Will it be no shame for him to be found, at last one of those wretched and contemptible creatures, which shall have the door shut upon them.

them, and be forced to *stand knocking* at the *Gates* of Heaven, with *sighs* and *tears*, and like so many miserable starving beggars in *bitternesse* of spirit, craving admission, and yet for all their selfe-conceited Greatness, be vouchsafed no more respectful an answer, then a--*Depart ye cursed*, and--*Be-gone I know you not*. What *shame* and *dis-grace* can the Gentleman fear to suffer like *this*; when he who *pranced* it up and down, with no lesse *security*, then *pride* and *vanity* and *laugh'd* to see others take so much *paines* to go to Heaven, shall even then, when he thinks himself so sure of all, meet with a scornful repulse?

But if the Gentleman will venture *this disgrace*, because he phancies it to be yet at so great a *distance*, yet I must tell him he is much mistaken to think he shall speed much better here *below*. Is it no *shame*, to be *justly* accounted by all, who understand *themselves*, a poor, silly, ignorant fool, such an one as can please himself with a *toy*, a *rattle*; and can think himself the *only wise man* in the world, when alas all they who are *wise indeed*, look upon him and *pitty* him, as the most *silly despicable wretch* under

der Heaven? it is thus, men commonly make trial of the *Fools Genius*, they propose at once to his choice, a piece of painted glasse and a *Diamond*; a *Feather* and a *suit of Clothes*; that so by preferring the gayer toy, before the precious or the serviceable substance, he may betray his ignorance and simplicity. Alas! Sir, what can we judge the debauched Gentleman to be better or wiser then such a silly deluded Idiot, or (as we call him) a meer *Naturall*, that sports himself with his own shadow, and places his happinesse in dancing about his *Party colour'd Goat*, his *Cap* and his *Feather*? Did the Gentleman but know his *Friends*, or durst he be so much his own, as to entertain fewer *Flatterers*, who cover his eyes, and stop his ears, so that he neither sees nor hears of himselfe, what otherwise he might: how soon would he grow ashamed of his owne face! Did he but know how even all they, whose tongues are bridled either by his power or prodigality in his presence, talk of him when they are out of it, at their severall meetings, doubtlesse this would bring him out of love with his owne Gayety, and Prettinesse. The *Stoick* talkes of him with contempt and derision; the

*Charitable*

*Charitable Christian* with as much *pitty* and *compassion*; and what a shame is it for the *Gentleman*, who alwaies thinks himself both the best and happist man in the world, either to deserve the one, or need the other?

If he yet regard nothing of all this, but contents himselfe hith the *Phancy*, that he can do as much for them, and that he can think others as very fools as they think him; and pittie them as much, Alas, how is he to be pittie'd for these thoughts! whilest like a man in an high *Fever*, he makes a *Felicity* of his distemper, and in the lightnesse of his head, phances he is amongst *Angels*, and in as glorious a condition as they. Let him consider how great a shame, even this is, to say, he can laugh at, or he can pittie he knows not what: others know (alas too well) what in him they pittie: They have, most of them, some time or other, tasted of his sweets to their sorrow, but found them at last bitter to their present joy and comfort: Let him then first taste of theirs, and then let him chuse, Whom he will make the object of his pittie. I am confident he would in the first place be thus charitable to himselfe.

But

But this is not all the reason the *Gentile* man hath to be ashamed of his present course of life. Is it not a disgrace for a man therein to be cheated, wherein he hath ever thought himself to be the wisest of all men: and to have such tricks put upon him, by what he most confides in, as will cast a damp upon all his *Jollity* at once? There's no man but will confess it an high degree of indiscretion in himself without a very strong temptation indeed, to place his greatest confidence, and best affections upon a meer cheat: and yet that *Gentile Sinner* we speak of (if ever any) is highly guilty of this folly. He may assure himself, if he repent not in due time, *Sathan* will put the same cheat upon him, whereby he so sadly beguiled his wise brother in the *Gospel*; whom in that very night, when he lullaby'd his soul into a groundlesse security, by presenting to her eye the abundance of his riches, he suddainly snatches away into the place of torments, and makes this addition to the rest of his sorrows, that he derides his former security, and laughs at his present misery. But this is too common and copious a Theme to dwell any longer upon; I durst not altogether omit

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to mention it, because I have not yet met with any thing more frequently prevalent with the *Gentleman*, to persuade him to sin, then this fear of shame and disgrace; and if it have been so powerfull to hurry him on to his ruine, I hope, rightly apprehended, it may have some efficacy in drawing him to his *Felicity*.

§. 6. *A third motive drawn from Equity.*

I shall but propose two Considerations more, and these are such, as much concerne the *Gentleman* to entertaine, viz. of *Equity* and *Honour*.

And first, in all equity and justice the *Gentleman* ought to proportion his *Gratitude* to the *Bounty* which enrich'd him; and to live a *Gentleman* is as little as can, with any reason, be thought a just requitall of his goodnesse, who made him more Honourable then others. For it was not he himself by whom he was made better then another man, neither hath he any thing which he hath not received. It cannot therefore be *Gratitude* in him like a *Spongy* substance, to suck in all which



which is proper'd, but to *returne nothing* againe without a *Squeezig*: Or like a black and heavy clod of earth, to receive the most *curteous* and *enlivening* raies of Heaven, and yet requite the bounty neither by a *present cheerful reflection*, nor a *future seasonable fructification*: neither yet to lie like a rotten *dung hill*, which repaies all the sweet *influence* it participates of, in a *stenchy fume*, or a *generation of vermine*. He should rather labour to resemble the true *Chrystal*, whose property it is, either to *transmit* or *reflect* those rayes it receives, with great *advantage of light* to the *darker objects* about it; and of a more *visible splendor* and *glory* to the *light* it selfe. A true *Diamond* will not cease to sparkle in the darkest night, & the true *Gentleman* too, will take care, that his *light* so *shine before men*, that they may *behold his work*; rather then his *person*, (as the *Sun* gives us a clearer prospect of the other parts of the world, then of its *own body*) and teach them much more to *glorify his God in Heaven*, then to pay him a reverence upon *earth*. The *gold* was not made so *excellent* a *Mettall*, that it might lie *hid* and *rust* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, but by a recep-  
tion

tion of the *Princes Image* administer to the necessities of commerce amongst the severall members of the world. It would be a poore thing to imagine God should make the best of *Creatures* for the worst of uses: For the *Noblest of Men* to be *Sathans Instruments* now his *Companions* and his prey anon. The Gentleman I know will easily grant himself to be a *Kessel* created for *Honour*: but 'tis strange he should go about to prove himself so, by continuing alwaies empty, or refusing to hold any thing, but the worst of poyson: by standing (as some of those do which cost most paines in the making, most mony in procuring, most time in scouring) idle and uselesse, only to adorne and grace the *Cup board*, and shine there, till they become dusty againe. As all flesh is grass, so is the Gentleman the Flower of the grass, but let it not appeare in this, that the grass is more usefull, though the flower more beautifull, neither let the leafe smell sweeter then the Rose. Though all mankind be but *Dust* and *Earth*, yet certainly we may in reason think the Gentleman a part of the *Richest soyle*, and from which the *Husband-man* or *Gardiner* may justly expect

pect both the fairest flowers and fullest Crop; as from that ground which in it selfe is fattest, and in the Cultivating and Manuring whereof, has been spent both the most money and the best sweat. Far be it from the Gentleman to be call'd (as we do sometimes our most fertile fields) only the Proudest ground, such as swager it out with Poppy and Cockle, and flatter the eyes with many fine Blew and Yellow Flowers, but such as are neither for use themselves, nor will suffer the good corn to thrive and grow till it be so. The Gentleman, I am sure, would be troubled to be thus requited for his care and paines by his field, and shall not God be justly angry for the like bad usage from the Gentleman? Certainly he cannot in equity expect the leargest wages, who doth the least work, or think he can merit the most Honourable reward, by standing all the day idle; nay for hindering and Deterring others who were going to labour in the Vineyard. Shall the Steward be the greatest loyterer, and most carlesse servant in the whole Family? And is it fit the Heir should be the meerest Prodigal? I am confident the Gentleman would

would think it an *injury* to be *thought* so, and is it not then as great an *injustice* to be so? I should not have breath enough to enumerate *half* those many *Honours* and *Dignities*, those several *Priviledges*, and *Advantages*, *Endowments*, and *Possessions* which the *Gentleman* is blest with above his poorer Brethen, and can we think all these, not *encouragement* to be better, but *rewards* and *Bribes* to and for being *idler* then others?

The *Gentleman* is apt to boast himselfe much of his *Noble Ancestors* and *Virtuous Progenitors*, and is it not therefore *equity*, that all men should expect from that *tree* the *best fruit*, which hath the *Nobest* root? Men do not of *Thistles* expect *Grapes*, nor of *Brambles* *Figs*: but even of the *wild Olive tree*, when but grafted into the *true Olive tree*; God expects the *Natural fruit*. That *Noble* person who adopts a *Clown* his *heir*, will expect he should henceforward become a *Gentleman*, and how much more is this to be expected from him who is *born* the *true Son* and *heir*? The *Gentleman* will pull his *Cocks* head off, if he *degenerate* from his *kind*, and why should his God use him better?

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The *Gentleman*, again, is apt to talk very much of his good *breeding*, and ingenious *Education*: and certainly it is the greatest *happiness* which can so early betide him, that usually he hath *Parents* which are as tender of his *Honour* as of his *life*, and very often more carefull of *his* soul, then of *their* own: who howsoever they live *themselves*, yet will be sure to reprove the least *vice* in the *child*, and it is a very ordinary forme of blessing him, to pray he may be a better man then his *Father*. Now the *Gentleman* will expect this from his *Horse*, or *Spaniel*, to behave himself hereafter, as he has beene taught when he was young. Alas, how many brave and Generous dispositions are flatted and lost, how many ingenious spirits are dull'd and besotted, how many keen wits are blunted and lose their edge, by being put to delve in the earth, being altogether Cow'd and Enslaved, by the Tyranny of Poverty, and an Adverse Fortune: whilst they could not be allowed that timely and Noble Nurture and Cultivation, whereby they might have been weeded and improved to a very high degree of excellency and fruitfulness: how much good and tractable earth has been lost

lost meerly for want of a *Skilfull Potter*, or  
spoyled upon the wheele of one *unkilfull*?  
Whilest the *Gentleman* has all the aid and  
assistance that *Prudent Parents* or a rich  
purse can afford him; and shall he, whom  
God has thus blessed with that which may  
procure him as well what's best, as what's  
necessary, grow more barren under all this  
care and *Good Husbandry*, which is bestow'd  
upon him? Shall he like a *stubborne* and  
anweildly *branch*, so soon as ever he is from  
under the wise *hand* which would have  
prun'd and *straighened* him, start back into  
his *natural rudenesse*, and *deformity* againe?  
Shall he be like the *Viol* or *Watch*, one where-  
of will only continue its *even* and *certaine*  
motion, so long as the *owner* forgets not to  
wind him up; and the other gives us its  
sweet sound no longer then the *Musicians*  
*hand* provokes and *beats* it; but so soon as  
the *hand rests*, the *Motion* and the *Musick*  
ceases, and in a short time the *strings crack*,  
and the *Pegs fall*, and the *Noble Instrument*  
growes *mouldy* and *worm-eaten*? Is it not  
most *unnaturall*, that he who has all these  
great *advantages* in his youth, which others  
do often in *vaine*, and he himself too often  
when

when it is too late, wish to enjoy, should not doe something whereby he might shew all that *care* and *cost* not quite *thrown away* and *misspent*? And yet much more, that he should only so behave himselfe, as one that knows how readily to *forget* whatever had cost him so much *time* and *pains*, and *money* in acquiring; and one that can now make that a part of his *Glory*, which indeed is no small argument of *shame*, that he once had a little *Learning*, and might have been a *Christian*, had he not had wit enough to befool himself, and so become a gentleman. It troubles me to say that very many of our *English Gentlemen* do thus *Commence* (as it were) and take *Degrees* in *Ignorance* and *Vanity*, I wish it troubled him as much to do so.

Again, it were but just, our gentlemen should think upon their *large Portions* and *fair Inheritances*, and so take the *Measure* of their *Duties* by their *liberal Allowances*. To have an *Estate* makes no man happy; but to use an estate wisely may bring a man very far on his way towards it. O let it never be said of the gentleman, what is recorded to the perpetual dishonour of the Young



man (he knows [I hope] where) that he departed from Christ because he was very rich. It is certainly a mistake in any man to think a mans soul may no way feed and grow fat upon his wealth; or to say a man may not become a better Man, by having greater Possessions. Wisdomes seaven Pillars are most readily erected, and firmly grounded upon a Basis of Gold; And Vertue cannot there have the best Fare, and thrive most, though she may have a kind welcome, where Poverty keeps the house. Though the treasures of wisdom and knowledge lie not in the Chest, yet are they for the most part so lock'd up, that he who would at any time come readily at them, must not fail to carry the Key in his Pocket. Though Vertue and Piety may live Quietly and Contentedly under a thatch'd roof, and may meet with such entertainment as may preserve life; yet, alas, they are but there as in Prison, and shall hardly obtain the Liberty to walk much abroad except there be something in the purse to purchase their freedom. Without this they may have that fetter'd Captives may enjoy, their hearts and tongues, but very seldom their hands or feet at liberty. What

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rare

rare perfections might be attain'd to, and what wonders wrought, had but either the *Rich Gentlemen* the *poor mans* soul, or the *poor man* the *rich Gentlemans* purse? What ashamed it is, that he whom God hath blessed with enough to buy the *Precious Pearl*, should rather chuse to lay it out upon an *Hobby-horse*; that he should suffer either *himselfe* to be a *Fool* or *Virtue* a *Begger* when it is in his power to prevent both? If his *wealth* know not what to do with his *Virtue*, let him give *Virtue* the key, and she knows how to make use of his *wealth*? What an ungreatfull fool is he, who with what is given him will neither fulfill the *Donors* will, nor make use of the gift to his own advantage? How might the *Church* become truly *Glorious*, and her rayment literally of wrought Gold, how might the *Poor* man grow *Rich*, and the *Rich* man good and happy, did the *Gentleman* study to make that improvement, which he ought to make of this one *talent*, and not either with the *Ranting Prodigal* waste his inheritance by *riotous living*; or with the other *Ill-husband* and *foolish servant*, wrap it up in the *Napkin* of a *lazy*, or hide it in the *Earth*

Earth of a Worldly mind?

There is a *third* obligation whereby the Gentleman in equity is bound to outgoe his Inferiours, no lesse in Goodnesse, then in Wealth and Pomp. I mean an Immunity from the Drugerics of the World: Nature and Fortune both seem to consent in granting him a Dispensation from those Brick-kilnes, to which by the Pharoah-like cruelty of a Necessitous Condition, many a better Israelite is sentenced. He tugs not at the Oares, nor delves in the Dirt, nor washes his face, & bathes his body in his own sweat; nor lives, as other men are often constrain'd to do, almost by a wearisomnesse of living: But seems to plead an Exemption from that part of Adams curse, whereby he was condemned in the sweat of his browes to eat his bread. Whilest many others by their continual labour, seem from meal to meal to kneed their own dough, and other mens too; and, like the poor Israelites, when driven out of Egypt to run up and down with their kneading-troughs upon their Shoulders. They carry both their Lives and livelihoods to and fro in their hands; and by a toilsome improvement of the Gentlemans vast estate,

pick up for themselves a very scant subsistence. He eats the *fat*, and drinks the *sweet*, and has *one* part of him alwaies provided for to his hand; and ought not this to lay a strong obligation upon him, to take more pains about the *other*? Ought not this to bind him to the ready service of his *God*, who has made the whole *World* in a manner to serve *him*? certainly he never had a general dispensation granted him from all labour, but only from the more *slavish* and *drudging* part of it: that the lesse he has to care for besides, the more time he should have to care for his *soul* and *Heaven*. It was *Adams* growing wanton in *Eden* where the *Earth* freely brought forth all things of it selfe, and where his *taske* of labouring was but his *Recreation*, not his *toyl*, which sent him *first* abroad to *sweat* in the *World*, and to wage a constant *Warre* with *Bryers* and *Thistles*. And if the *Gentleman* will not take some pains to dresse the *Garden* of his *Soul*, when all the world seems to be so much his own round about him that *one* part of it is his *Steward*, the *other* his *estate*, he can expect no lesse then to be driven out at last with a *flaming sword* to seek a  
Miserable

Miserable killing livelihood in another.

Could the *Gentleman* be truly sensible of his extraordinary *privileges*, he enjoys, more then the rest of his *labouring* brethren do, in this *one* particular: doubtlesse we should see him more *thankfull*, and lesse *Idle*; for though *leasure* be a very great *blessing*, yet is *lazinessse* a meer *Canker*, which will in a short time, if not seasonably cured, eat out both *Purse* and *Soul*. Let him not thus turne the *Opportunities* of doing good, into *encouragements* to sin, nor the *Means* of *Happinesse* into the *Instruments* of *Misery*.

O what an inestimable advantage is this, for any man that would either *learne much* or *do well*; to have alwaies a *Soul* so *tranquil* and *Serene*, that all's *Smooth* and *calme* within him? What would many a brave *Ingenious* spirit, which could never yet obtain one smile from *fortune* but lies alwaies under the black cloud of *Poverty*, and tossed upon the tumultuous waves, of much *business* and more *sufferings*, what would it not give to be blest with such a *Sun-shine*, and to have so long a *vacation* from the *world* and its *sorrows*? None of these *distracti-*

ons w<sup>ch</sup> come from the affairs of the world without him, which with so much eagerness and irresistible importunity, *call*, and *pull*, and *hale* away many a good soul from his *Study* and *Devotion*, need to be so much as *barken'd* to by the *Gentleman*, who, if he would but understand the *easie* distinction betwixt being *careful* and being *busie*, betwixt *Idleness* and *Leisure*, we should find him betaking himself to another and more cheerful course of life, having *much* time to *use*, but *none* to *lose*.

And suppose you should ask the *Gentleman* this question, and wish him to answer it according to *Conscience*--Whether, if he had a *Servant* whom he had designed for some more *honourable* and *extraordinary* employment, and to this end had exempted him from all *common* businesse and works proper to an *inferiour* calling, and not only so, but furnish'd him also with whatever he could suppose *instrumental* to his work, and for his better encouragement had given him a considerable summe of *Money* beforehand; if after all this, this *Servant* should neglect *this* business, and throw away all the time allotted him, in matters of *small* concern-

concernments, or in meer *Idleneſſe*, goe and ſpend his allowance, and waſte his Maſters money in *bad Company*, and in pampering up his own *humours* and *luſts*; let him tell you in good earneſt, whether he would not think himſelf *ſlighted* and *abused*, and for a reward turn that Servant out of doors, or into *Prison*? And why then ſhould the Gentleman flatter himſelf up with fairer hopes; his charge I am ſure is as great, his care much leſſe, and therefore his caſe can be no better.

I may here very ſeaſonably adde, as another branch of this *Motive* the Gentlemans fair opportunity, not only of doing good to himſelf, but others alſo: and ſuch an Opportunity, it is, as is indeed a *Necceſſity* of doing either much good, or much hurt by his *Example*. For the gentleman ſtands upon the top of an *Hill*, and being advanced to ſo conſiderable an height, is thereby made ſo conſpicuous to the eye of the World, that his Actions have an influence upon the inhabitants of the *vallies* round about him. His *Tenants* muſt for fear flatter him, and many others will for his favour honour him, and there be yet more who have an *Ambiti-*



on to be like him. Every *sin* in him is like an *Eclipse* in the *Sun*, whereby not only his own lustre and brightnesse is obscured and hid, but his rayes are with-held f. om the world below, and a *maligant influence* scatter'd abroad upon *inferior Bodies*. It is a very hard matter for a *gentleman* to be bad alone; I dare say, his heart will bear witness, that he owes not a few of his own sins to the powerful *Example* of his *superiours*; and that he has very often resisted the more *sober* and *vertuous* inclinations of his own soul, and the more *rational* dictates of his own judgment, only out of an *Ambitious humour* to make himselfe Company for *great ones*; and because he was *ashamed* to be found *lesse* then a *gentleman* in any thing though in *Sin* it selfe. Let him therefore consider how much it will concern him, who is the true *Loadstone* of the *Nation*, whose *Motion* the poor *Iron soules* of the multitude with trembling expect, and perceiving follow, to turn himselfe alwaies to the *right Pole*, I wish the *gentlemen* of our Island would remember this, that by their vices they prove not only *Bad* in themselves, but *unjust* to their *Neighbour*: that

so.

so they may see how much in *equity* they are obliged to amend their lives.

§. 7. *A fourth Motive from Honour.  
and Reputation.*

The other *mark* to which I would gladly perswade the Gentleman to turn his eye, is that which he pretends to *aim* at most, his *Honour* and *Reputation*, things (if you'll believe him) whereof he is more *tender* then his *Life*; but let us see how he will endeavour to make this good, for I cannot believe he values much, what he takes no paines to preserve.

The main *Character* of an *Honourable* person, is a great care in him, never to do any thing below his *Name*, or which may reflect upon his *Progenitors* or his *Family* with *shame* and *disparagement*. He therefore can admit no employment which is *base* or *low*, but as his *Honour* was at first *raised*, so he studies to maintain it at that *height*, by some *noble* and *gallant* atchievement. But how truly *tender* he is of his *Honour*, who thus (as we have said before) is willing to *degrade* himself into a *Beast*, and to *trample*  
F 5 upon

upon his *dignity* and *Humanity* at once? He that can *bend* his proud neck to the most *gauling* Yoke which *Sathan* can put upon him; and patiently *keels* him down to receive so many loads of *Dirt* upon his back? who scorns not to *drudge* for the *worst* and *basest* of Masters, and that in his *meanest* and most *beggerly* service, when he sends him out (with the young *Prodigal* into the *field* of Carnal pleasure, there to *feed* a few *swinish* lusts; and all this too, upon hopes of the *slenderest* reward he e, a few deceitfull *husks*, and in daily fear and expectation of the most dreadfull *punishment* hereafter, that of *endlesse* Torments.

The *Gentleman* that values his *honour*, will be sure not to mix with any *company*, but such, from whom he may reap both *credit* and *profit*; such as will be no *lets* to him in his vertuous *progresse*, nor *blemish* to his desired *Reputation*. But alas how little do those *Gentlemen* regard either of these, who indeed care for no *companions* but such as have made themselves altogether the *creatures* of their *vices*, and the nearest *Pandor* of their *Lusts*.

The truly *Honourable Gentleman*, is alwaies

waies most faithfull and punctuall in the performance of his promises, and sheweth himself to be as good as his word, esteeming no disgrace like that of deserving the Lie. Every promise he makes, he pawns his Honour and Reputation, to secure the performance: and looks upon no disrespect as comparable with that, of not being thought a person fit to be trusted. But how little care do our Gentlemen take to maintain this support of their credit: who swear so frequently to, they know not, or heed not what, that they cannot possibly so much as remember, much less discharge one third part of their Oaths. These upon every slight or no occasion they send out in such Valleys, and with so much inconsideration and temerity, that they cannot have time to consider whether one halfe of what they swear be true or false. Nay there is one solemne Vow, and that the most sacred one that ever they made, and to a person with whom it most conce ns them to be punctuall, and deal faithfully, I mean that at their Baptisme, which, alas they, so well perform, as that they hardly ever call to mind, or can believe there was any such thing done by them.

them: Was it not *this* that then they promised, to forsake the Devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, withall the Covetous desires of the same, and all the Carnall desires of the flesh, so that they would neither follow nor be led by them? In which, the engagement of their Honour would not serve the turn, but they brought their sureties and Bondmen, who promised (as much as in them lay) to see all made good; I tremble to think how this vow has been fulfil'd by all those persons who would be thought so sensible of Honour, that their bare word might at any time serve for their Bond. What they vowd to forsake, they with all earnestnesse follow; and that whereby they would not be led, they swear to Outgoe, hugging and embracing those temptations they promised to abandon, and making the Vain Pomp and Glory of the World, the only Gods they dare love and adore. If the Gentleman be thus carelesse in maintaining his Credit, thus false in his promises to God, and his Soul, I hope he will not think it strange, if others be so scrupulous and weak-faith'd, as not to believe him to be a Gentleman upon his own bare word.

Further

Further yet, he that desires to be truly *Honourable*, and esteem'd so, will so provide for his *Honour*, that the world may have no just cause to throw the miscarriages and sins of his *Country* upon his shoulders, or that all the *Miseries* thereof should be found the *Daughters* of his *Vices*. But whether or no we have any reason to blame the *English Gentleman* for the *Calamities* of his *Nation*, I appeale to himselfe, let his *Conscience* determine it. To whom shall we impute the *Blindnesse*, the *Ignorance*, the *Giddiness* of the *People*; but to him that pretends to be the *eye* and the *head*? We know it is the *Lightness* of the *head*, which often makes the *heels* stand uppermost; And when we see a *Drunkard* reel and stagger, we all know it is the *Giddiness* of his *head* which causes his *uneven* motion. It were happy for us, if all those who would be thought the *Heads* of this *Headlesse Nation*, would dayly consider their office; and how much of the *Craziness* and *Distemper* of this *Infatuated* people, is to be imputed to the unsettlednesse of their own *Brains*, and want of a due *Government* of themselves. O that the *World* might no longer have just cause to  
say

say (as now many are apt to do) that the sad *disease* of this poor Kingdome, wherein it has well nigh cough'd out its very Heart, proceeded from a *Cold* it has taken in the noblest members of its *Body*; and that indeed is *Atheisme*.

If therefore our Gentlemen ever intend to *deserve* that *Honour* they so eagerly *desire* let them learn to *be*, and *act* like themselves, so shall they assure themselves of true *Honour*, both before *God*, and amongst men. Let them pluck up their *Courage*, and make it appear to the *World*; that they have yet something of a *Noble* and *generous Spirit* within their breasts; that they ~~do~~ yet own a *God*, in despite of *Atheisme* and *Blasphamy*, and stand up for his *Church* in opposition to *Tyranny* and *Sacriledge*: That they have *Spirits* above the reach of *Swords*, and *Soules* not to be out-braved by the terrours of the *grave*, nor blown out of their bodies with the proud and threatening *breath* of those that can but *seem* mighty. Let it once be seen that they have espoused a *Religion* which has a *Majesty* enough to *Daunt Nebuchadnezar* with the hottest *furnace* in his *Mouth*; and an *Holie* zeal, which



which (as the brighter *Sun beames* do upon the fainter light of a *Candle*) can prey upon, and consume to nothing the most scorching flames of *Persecution*, When they have learn'd to take the roaring *Lion* by the *Jaws*, and pull out his teeth, when they can (with the stout *Champion of Israel*) defend the endanger'd *Church* against that great *Goliath* of *Atheisme*, which now or never appears with the *Weavers Beam* in his hand; when they have once got the *Courage*, to fight and pitty all the cursing *Shimois*, and railing *Rabshakehs* of the Land; to scorne the *Barkings* of *Reproach*, and not to be afraid of the teeth of *Poverty*, when they dare goe with *Abraham* to sacrifice their lesse lovely *Isaacks* at the *Mountain of the Lord*: In a word, when they dare be good without feare of shame or want, and Religiously *Loyal* without dreading either *Begery* or *Death*: Then shall they have *Honours* without stain or blemish, and *Names* venerable in the Mouthes of all men, then shall they set their feet upon the *Neckes* of the *Mighty*, and *Tyrants* shall bow down under them, and they shall be set up on high with the *Rulers* of the *People*: then shall they

they have the *acclamations* of the *Saints*; and the *bended knees* of the *poor* at the *throne of Grace*, for their *long life* and *Happinesse*; Then shall they be *fear'd* by their *enemy*, and *loved* by their *friends*; They shall have the *Motherly Blessing* of the *Church*, the *joyful welcome* and *plaudite* of *Angels*, and the *Bountiful reward* and *enge* of their *God* and *Father*; a *Glo ious Robe*, an *immarcesfible Crown*, a *perpetual Kingdome*: for indeed *this Honour* have all his *Saints*.

I am really *ashamed*, and heartily *sorry*, that either the *Gentlemans* *unnatural Behaviour*, that *strange Meander* of all *vices*, or the *sad* and *deplorable condition* of this *poor Church* and *Nation*, to which in all *Reason*, *Honour*, and *Conscience*, he ought to shew a more *filial respect* and *Affection*, have provoked me to this *unusual length* of a *Letter*: But the *Copiousnesse* of the *Theme*, which you *first* proposed to my *thoughts*, will I know be my *sufficient excuse*; though the *unpleasantness* of it, together with those many other *businesses* which are never *wanting* to *You*, but now *incumbent* upon *me*, might afford you an *opportunity* of being more *profitably* imploy'd, and *me* more *suitable*.

*table* to my present *calling*, then in *reading* or *writing* of what I here send you. I shall therefore in a very few lines more, give you a *Breviature* of what I have already laid, or have more to say concerning the *mix'd* Theme of this Letter.

§. 8. *The Conclusion and summe of all.*

I shall alwaies with all readinesse Confesse that I *dare* not have a low esteem of any of those *worthy* Persons, whom the All-wise God by advancing them to the *Top* of the *Pinacle*, seems to commend both to *me* and *others*, as the most *fit* objects of our *Admiration* and *Reverence*: Only I hope the *Gentleman* will give me leave to make it a part of my *Prayers* ( and too *sad* experience daily shews us what great reason we have so to pray ) that they who *stand* both so *high* and so *ticklishly* may ever *take heed* lest they *fall*. *Sathan* had the Confidence upon as *high* a place ( though at that *height* he met with the most exemplary *Humility* that the World ever heard of ) to venture a temptation upon the *Lord of life*: where certainly his *hopes* of prevailing must rationally be thought

thought to have been as *low*, as his *attempt* was *high*: It is therefore too much to be fear'd he hath very often his wish'd for *success* in overturning the *bravest Sinner*. The *Subtile Serpent*, though he despair of *Heaven*, is alwaies crawling *upwards*, and can as easily twist and wrap himself about the *Gilded Spire* of *Honour* and *Nobility*, as once he did about the fairest *tree in Eden*, and questionless not feldome with as much *unhappy success*, as malicious *Subtily*. Here I am sure, he hath the *same* or *surer* holds to *fasten* upon, and *climb* up by, which there he had; Even the wild *protuberances* of *Pride* and *Ambition*. The first assault he made, was upon an unspotted *Innocence*, but match'd with an over facile and flexible *Humanity*; and meeting there with the *hoped Issue* of his temptation, he takes the *Boldness* to venture on an infinite *Wisdom* in the Bosome of *Omnipotence*: and though there he was foyl'd, yet being the more *madd*ed with the *shameful* repulse, 'tis likely he will fall the more *desperately*, and so with the greater *violence*, upon that *Prudence*, which is at best much *abated* by the base mixture, and too excessive alloy of a  
*Beloved*

Belov'd Folly. I wish it might be the *Gentleman's* good *Fortune* or *Courage*, to draw the st oak, and come off *unhurt*.

When I hear this inferior world wherein we are to breath out our *Minority*, compared ( and not unfitly ) to an *Inne*, or *Diversory*; whereinto *Man*, whose life is a *journey* or *Pilgrimage* onely turns in to take a nights *lodging*; that so he may sit and dresse himself against the *Morning* for a *Better Country*: I am ready to take the *Boldnesse* to prosecute the *Metaphor* a little farther, and I would fain say, that those *glittering, spangled souls*, are most *noble* and *honourable*, which *wise Nature* treats with the greatest *respect* and *Ceremony*; those for whom, as her *chief guests* she hath reserved her most *stately*, and *fairest* roomes: that *these*, if any are to be thought the *Gentlemen* of the world to whom *Nature* as well as *Fortune* seems to pay a *reverence*.

These are the *Men* who enter into the world with that *Ceremonious* state and *pomp*, that would almost perswade us they were sent hither on an *Ambassy* from Heaven. They are indulged an *Honour* seemingly too great for *Mortality*. They are admit-

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ted into the world by the most beautiful gate of a *Renowned Parentage*, they are usher'd along with all that *Pomp* and *Magnificence*, which use to attend our highest hopes and most teeming *Expectations*; and are most significant of our greatest joyes: Their *births* are congratulated, and they welcomed hither, with a long and *Methodically order'd* train of *solemn* and *honourable* both *Civil* and *Religious Ceremonies*, They are honourably placed in the most richly furnished, and neatly contrived *Lodgings*, of *Comely* and *well-featured Bodies*; in adorning whereof the *Divine Art* of *better Nature*, hath best shown it self; these are Gloriously set forth by all those most lively *Images* of *Majesty* and *Honour*, which *Corrupted Nature* can be thought capable of receiving. All these are more sweetned, by a lovely prospect into the world abroad, where an *Indulgent fortune*, to give the better relish to the gifts of *Nature*, presents her self in all variety of *Dresses*, of *Riches*, *Pleasures*, *Preferments*: ever creating such store of *New delights* as may soonest win upon the *sense*, and best recreate the *soule*.

And now, Sir, would any man seeing  
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all this, think it possible, that after *Nature* and *Fortune*, and the great *God* of both, by so long a *Succession* of no lesse truly *Delectable* then indeed *inestimable* blessings, have been so *industriously Solicitous* for the *Gentlemans* welfare, and with so much *Charitable importunity*, have *Constantly Courted* his soul, to be in love with that *fair band* which made it; to invite it to an early *sense* of its own *worth* and *excellency*, and to set a due *estimate* upon it self; to possess it with the true *Apprehensions* of that, which is certainly the highest *Honour* that can befall a *mortall here*, or *Crown him hereafter*. I mean his *Relation* to *Heaven*, and the *God* of *Heaven* his *Maker*: Would any man believe it possible after all this, that the *Gentleman* should be either so *uncharitable* to himselfe, or so *ungrateful* to his *Creator*: either so much a *Churle* or a *Fool*, or *Both*: as neither to yeld to those *Importunities* of a *Wooing Heaven*: nor *Embrace* the *Courteous Invitations* of an *endlesse Felicity*? Would you believe, that when he is *intrusted* by the *King of Glories*, upon so *honourable* an *Expedition* as that of *winning a Crown*, he should be *tyred* and *foot-sore* at the very  
first



first step; and sit down to rest him upon the first cold stone in his way, there flattering his *Childish humour*, in the *Empty* fruition of some *Garish* but *fading vanity*? Could any man with a *rational soul* in him, hope to find an *Happinesse* in such *royes* adequate to the *immense* desires of an *Heaven-born* substance? Alas, who is ignorant, that these *petty Glories*, and *little felicities*, which so please us *here*, cannot in any reason be thought more ( *seldome so much* ) then the *smaller tokens* of a *Fathers love*, or an *Earnest-penny* to a future *Inheritance*; something for the *Child* to keep his *purse* with whilest he is here at *School*. Nay, they are so often *lesse* then this, that they amount not to so much, as those *lesse tokens*, which we use to call the *Mothers Blessing*, but are rather like the *deceitful Gifts* of a *Stepdame*, such as a *brass shilling*, or a *gilded Nutmeg*, the *slight kindnesse* not of a *Fond* but a *dissembling Fortune*: whereby the *unwary Child* is very often *bribed* and *Flatter'd* out of his due *Portion*, and *Inheritance*.

Doubtlesse, if the *Gentleman* find himself to be so much *Fortune's Darling*, or (as he would

would rather have us think) the *Favourite of Heaven*: to be afforded a more *tender and delicate Education* than his poorer brethren. I dare hardly beleive all this an *Indulgence to sin*, but an *encouragement unto Holiness*, and to go on with *Cheerfulnesse* to see what that *good Father* has in store for him in *Heaven*, who is so *liberal* to him here upon *Earth*. The *Comfortable warmth* of his *Prosperous* condition, is indulged him, thereby to preserve his soul, more *tender and pliable*, zealously forward to receive both more *generous* and more *pious impressions*, not to scorch or dry it up into a *rebellious obstinacy*, neither to give him the opportunity of melting it away in the *soft embraces* of more *wanton and lascivious delights*, or to dissolve his happiness into the *Aery and shadowy vanity* of a *Carnall pleasure*. The *golden Foundation* being laid, God expects he should not so abuse it, as to erect thereupon any meaner *structure* then an *Heaven*. The right *use* of what he already enjoys, ought to *dispose* his soul into a *Capacity* of receiving more and better, even of those *spiritual blessings* which will set him up above the reach either of an *adverse Fortune*, or a *Malicious Devil*. If

If the gentleman would be perswaded to cast a *Religious* eye upon the Excellent *Symmetry* and lovely *features* of his own *Body*, wherewith it is no *strange* thing to find him *beautified* above other men, certainly he would presently consider with himself, that this *fine Out-side* was not the *only* or *best* piece of work *intended*, but there should be a suitable *Inside* too, such as may make the man a fit temple for the holy Ghost to reside in : that this *Stately* and well wrought *Body* should be but the external *Embleme* of a more *Beautiful* and *Majestick* soule.

If it be his good luck to find the way to *Paradise* straw'd all over with *Roses*, whilst other poor soules are forced to run *Bare-footed* through *Bryars* and *Thistles*, *Flints* and *Pibbles*, whereby their feet are often so *gall'd*, that their pace proves *slow*, and so *prick'd* and *scrach'd*, that you may trace them, as they their *Saviour* into *Heaven* by their *blood*; he ought *wisely* to consider, that this entertainment should not *retard* him in his journey, neither make him *Phancy* that he is already in the *Garden*; and therefore may sit down, or roll his soul upon

upon these sweets to a satisfaction, alas, the more he thus tumbles upon them, the sooner will these tender Blossomes fade and wither: They are only scatter'd in his paths, that by their fragrancy his decaying Spirits may be restored and cherish'd that he faint not ere he reach that garden where grows the Tree of life, and never-perishing Flowers of sweetest pleasures, even at Gods right hand for evermore.

If the Gentleman may boast of his honorable descent, from a vertuous, and if so, a deservedly renowned family; how much will it concern him in Honour and Duty, to provide that his Children by his vertues, may be enabled to brag of as much as he? It will certainly be a greater disgrace to him, when his Son shall be constrain'd to say, he had a Worthy Grandfather, then it can now be his glory, that he himselfe can tell the World he had a Deserving father. Can he imagine it halfe so Creditable, to swagger it out with the old Name and Title of his rotting Ancestors, as to manifest their yet surviving Vertues in himselfe their genuine Of-spring? What a pittiful Credit must it needs be for him, to shew a

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stranger a firme and substantiall foundation, laid by his *Ancestors* many years agoe, towards an intended *Heroick* and sumptuous building, if all this while he have neglected by his own *virtues* to adde a *superstructure*, proportionable to such a *Ground-worke*?

I am Confident the *Gentleman* needs not a remembrancer to mind him of his *Name*; nor any other *Herald* to perswade him he has a *right* unto it, then his own *Ambition* and *Conceit*: But how unlikely he is by the meanes he uses to make the world believe him, he seems not so well to Consider. Is it a matter of such Credit, to show us how well he can put on his *Fathers Old Cloathes*, or play his *Ape* in his *Silver Jerkin*? Is this the main *Badg* of his *Gentility*, that he has never a *Coat* but what was given him by the *Herald*; or that he lives as *Beggars* do, upon the *Charity* and *Almes* of the *Parish*? Let him say, what other *ritle* it is he can pretend to, who by his own *personal merits* cannot purchase his *name*? What does he lesse then pick up his *Crumbs* under the *Old-mans Table*: *Nobility* without *Virtue* has just so much *life*, as it can *Borrow*; and only *breaths* by the common and *Ignoble*

noble breath of the People. What does the unworthy Gentleman, but goe from door to door for an *Almes* of Honour? One throws him in a *Sir*, another a *Master*, a third a *Good your-worship*; and with these few scraps he makes a shift to preserve alive his meagre and raw-boned Reputation.

A name that thus feeds onely upon the fragments of charity, is not like to grow truly great in haste: And a Reputation so long worn already without mending, is too vile and cheap for a true Gentleman to appear abroad withall. The cloak must need be very thread-bear, that is so old, and has bin so ill used: It were more Noble to weare a New one of his own buying, then that of his Great-grandfather, which at best he can by his scantling virtues onely fill full of patches. His Fathers Honours can be his but at Second hand: and to be proud of an Hereditary title onely, is but to rant it in a Dead-mans suit, and like him, whom he too often Imitates, after his Fathers Death, to fright the world by appearing in his likeness; for when we come more narrowly to examine the Reality of what we think we see in him, we find nothing but a cheat and Delusion of



the *sense*; we catch at a bare *Appartion* for a *substance*; or at best graspe a *senselesse* clod of cold *clay* instead of a *Man*. What is it to be thus *Sollicitous* after an *Old Coat of Armes*, but to wish the *Herald* were a *Broker*, And that he might buy *old scutcheons*, as he may *old cloaks*, because his *Merits* will not amount to the price of *New ones*. Whilest he thus opens his *Presse*, and shewes it to be well lined with the rich *apparel* of those who lived before him, he does no more then what often his *Fathers Page* or *Lacquey* is able to do: Nay I shall be bold to say it, whatever the *Gentleman* may therefore think of *himselfe* or *me*, that he who shewes his *Fathers bearing*, without some *Honourable Addition*, due at least, if not given to his own *vertues*; has but litle more reason to boast of his *Gentility*, then his *Fathers Fool* or *Fidler*, whom I have often observed to bear his *Masters Coat* upon his *Livory*. O that the *Gentleman* would in good earnest Consider, how much all *Wise men* laugh at him, even in his *Finest Cloaths*, and how much more all *Good men* do pity him, when they see him withall his *borrow'd Bravery* delight to tumble in the *Mire*!

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He that will be a *Gentleman* indeed, must look no lesse carefully before him, on what yet remains for him to doe, to maintain his Honour, then behind him, on what has been already done by his *Ancestors* to purchase it. Honour has a very delicate palate, and loves to feed upon fresh Diet; and very much Nauseates the Moulded offals of Antiquity. No broken Dishes come to her Table, neither can she subsist by Chewing the Cud after the largest feasting upon the Grandfathers deserts. The sharp teeth of Time will at length enter deep into the Marble Monument under which the Fathers Ashes are laid to rest, or at least the Injurious Dust will fill up and hide the fair Characters thereupon in which perhaps alone the Honour of the Son stands legible: It can be no long-lived Honour, where the Patent is onely a Dead-mans Epitaph. It will therefore highly concern the Gentleman in due time at least to lay a New gilt upon the Old letter, that so he may transmit an Honourable Memory of his name to late Posterity, rather under his own hand then his fathers Seal.

The stateliest Pile, yeilds and stoops by

little and little to the importunities of *Age*. And 'tis rare to see a Building left by the *Father* so firm and weather proof, but it will require some repairing before the Death of the *Son*. A *Good husband* will therefore make hast even to prevent his *fears*, and not expect an *Invitation* from a visible ruine, knowing that tis a *Necessity* not deserving the name of *Providence* to under-prop the declining wall; Neither will a *Prudent* person cover a dangerous breach in the wall of his house with a superficial *plaster* of paint, thereby to Cozen the World into a false Opinion of his Counterfeit *thrif*t and *Providence*, till a sudden fall of the whole house discover at once his *folly* and his *Policie*. In vain shall the *Gentleman* by the bare *shadow* of a vertue endeavour to make the world believe he wants not the *substance*: He must by the *real* and *undissembled* excellencies of a *generous* soul, *sincerely* devoted to the service of *Religion* and *Virtue*, both adde many *solid Pillars* to support the *Old*, and lay a firme *Basis* for a new structure.

A *Fathers* good name deserves a reverent memory in after ages, but will never be injured or grow lesse renowned, by being

out *shone* in the *Sons* *vertues* : It is rather proud thus to grow *young* again. There can be no perpetual entailment of *Honour* upon all succeeding *posterity*, The best *Gentleman* holds his *Nobility* but by *Lease* from *Heaven*, which is to be *renew'd* once at least in every *life* ; when a good round summe of *Heroick* *Actions* are expected as his *Fine*. God hath his *Stewards* alwaies ready to receive the *Gentlemans* rent, the *Church* and *State*, and he that payes not at his *day* to either of these, forfeits all.

It is no slight sin to suppose *God* so vainly *Prodigal* of his *Jewels*, as to think them well disposed of when placed in *Swines* *snouts*, where they onely serve to root up the *Earth*; and delve in the *Dirt*. *Common*, *Rustick*, and *Plebeian* spirits fitted by the hardnesse of their *Nature*, to dig and plow the ground, these are the *Out-labourers* of *Gods* great *Houhold*, who by the greatnesse of their *Necessary* *Drudgery*, take off much of the *Burthen* from the more *refined* sort of *Mankind*. The *Gentleman* *God* has chosen to be as it were the *steward* of his *Family*, and *Guardian* to his *Church*. and therefore in all *Prudence* and *Gratitude* he ought to endeavour.

endeavour a due discharge of so great a trust. No *Loyterer*, much less a *Spend-thrift*, can be a member of his Family, we know the certain wages of such *unfaithful servants*. He then that thinks himself exempted from all that hardship, which many others by a *leaden soul* and an *iron body*, besides the course usage of an *unkind Fortune*, are *naturally* or *casually* sentenced to, takes a very *preposterous* course, when he arrogates to himselfe a licence to do ill, or to do nothing. If the *Gentleman* would be valued above others, it is but reason, if we require him to make it appear, that he is of better metal then others, which is to be judged of, not by the colour, but service.

I would not see the *Gentlemans* soul sitting in his *beautiful body*, like a *breathlesse Idol* of God in a *Temple of Silver*, there to be worship'd by all, but do good to none. It is not fit it should be thought onely such a *fine gay* thing, as is sometimes by the choicest of *Natural endowments* and *Artificial accomplishments*, embellished into something more then ordinary, or *burnish'd* over into such a *slight superficial glosse*, as may make it, as well as his body, admired and gazed upon.

upon by a few ignorant worldlings. Neither should it be his businesse to get his Body alwaies New-moulded to the varying humours of the Court, and trick'd up in all the late invented Gauderies, gorgeous Accoutrements, and gingling Trappings, wherewith the Levity of Art has made bold to overload and abuse the modesty of Honest Nature. He that has no Nobler a Soul or Body then these, may still be no more then a meer Carcasse, such as, if it expresse any motion seems rather to be actuated by the multitude of crawling vermine within it, sprung from its own corruption, then by a true rational soul inspired by God Almighty. All the sale of Wit and Ingenuity which such a person usually so much brags of, will not be enough to preserve so putrid a Lump from stinking above ground.

In a word, Sir, the true gentleman will labour so to qualifie his soul, that he may be disposed to do a service to his God, in some proportion answerable to those several tokens of favour and Honour, whereby he has so blest and graced him in the eye of the world. Seeing God has been pleas'd to advance him some degrees above the  
multitude,

*multitude*, he takes care to raise his *soul* too to that spiritual height and pitch of true *Piety* and *Holinesse*, that when thus advanced in *outward* dignity; he may not seem a *Dwarf on Horsback*.

And because the *Common Gifts* of the most *Bountiful Nature* will not put a man into a capacity of performing his part to the full in such an employment, much lesse with *Idlenesse* and *Negligence*: It should be every *Gentlemans* care in his *Youth* to give and resign himself wholly up with all his *pleasures* and *Interests*, to the *Care* of his *Soul*; that so by the *Prudent Industry* of a *Learned* and *godly Instructor*, seconded with his own *Indefatigable pains* and *patience*, he may have his *golden parts* made truly *bright*, & be, as it were, *midwifed afresh* unto such a *perfection*, that he may, not by the *low* and *beggerly* condition of a *rude* and *Ignorant Soul*, be a *discredit* to his *Lord* or a *Scandal* to that *calliog* he professeth. *God* delights in *Honourable*, though not in *proud attendants*; and although he is many times pleased to fill up his *house*, and make up the number of his *Family*, with those who have not been very much befriended

friended either by *nature* in a *noble birth*, or by *Fortune* in a *plentious and prosperous life*; yet doth he long to see his *Religion* *graced* and *credited*, with a long train of such as the *King* hath *delighted to honour*.

And (blessed be God!) the *care* of our *Ancestors* has been such, that we want not *Nurseries* both of *Learnig* and *Piety* in this *nation*; such as may afford a *breeding* to our *young Gentry* not unsuitable to their *Quality* and intended *employment*. It is my hearty prayer, that these may never be *unstocked* with such *hopefull* and *generous Plants*, as may there *grow* and *thrive*, till they arrive at that *Maturity* both of *grace* and *good Literature*, as well as of *Teares*, that they may in due time become, not onely *strong*, but also *curiously polished Pillars* for the support of those two glorious *Fabricks* of *Church* and *State*. That, as by the *special Indulgence* of God they were *Honourably born*; so by his *special Grace* too, they may indeed *live*, both truly *profitable* to his *Saints* here, and as truly *glorious* with them hereafter.

Thus (Sir) have I done my best to obey your *Commands*, and, as largely and fully,  
as



as a little time, lesse leisure, and yet fewer abilities would give me leave, I have given you my present thoughts and wishes concerning our *English Gentlemen*. I have sent you (I feare) a very little *Kernel* in a large *Shell*; but now you have it, you may chuse whether you will take the pains to crack it, or throw it into the fire. Whatever it be that here you receive, as your *Commands* gave it birth, and my confidence of your goodnesse, has taught it to speak and go abroad; so does it now submissively expect your sentence, whether of life or death. Do what you will with all the rest, so you do but vouchsafe to read thus much in it, that I am—Sir,

*Your most humble and  
obedient Servant.*

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**THE END.**

# A C A T A L O G U E

of some Books Printed for, and to be  
sold by Richard Davis in Oxford.

## I N F O L I O.

**D**R. *Hammonds* Paraphrase and Annotations of  
the New Testament, the fourth Edition, 1675.

-- On the Psalms. -- His Sermons.

-- His Works the 1. Vol. Containing a Collection  
of Discourses chiefly Practicall with the Life of the  
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*Lucian's* Dialogues, made English from the Original,  
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A Poem to the Duke of York on our late Fight  
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Five New Playes. The Seige of Urbine. Selindra.

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By Sir *Will. Killigrew*, Vice-Chamberlaine  
to Her Majesty, 1656.

An Elegy on the Death of the Duke of *Glocester*, by  
*M. Lluellin* Dr. in Physick.

The History of the Pretended Saints, by *Hen. Foulis*  
the second Edition. 1674.

The Works of Mr. *William Pemble*.

*Annalium Mundi Universal. Origines Rerum* (&  
*Progressus*) sacras juxta ac Seculares, ab Orbe Con-  
ditio tradentium, lib. XIV. Authore *Hug. Robins-  
on*, olim *Wintoniensis* Archidiaconus, postea  
chidiacenus.

*Iussu Regio recognovit; emaculavit, lacunosum ex-  
plevit, multaque nocte ad opertum in lucem edidit,*

THOMAS PIERCE. S.T.P. Decanus *Sarisbu-  
riensis*. 1677.

*Jamblichi Chalcidensis de Mysteriis Egyptior.*

*The Gale* Anglus Græce nunc primum edidit, Latine vertit, & Notas adjecit. 1678.

Provinciales, (seu Constitutiones Angliæ) &c. Auctore *Gulielmo Lyndwood* J. V. D. Cui adjiciuntur Constitutiones D. *Othonis*, & D. *Othoboni*, Cardinalium Annotationibus *Johannis de Aithona*, Huic Editioni nunc primum accesserunt Constitutiones Provinciales antedictorum Archiepiscoporum, & aliorum, sine Glossæmatis in ordinem digestæ.

Omnia ab innumeris, quibus undique soærebant, erroribus atque mendis purgata ac restituta. 1679.

Songs for 1, 2, and 3. Voyces to the Thorow-Bass with some short Symphonies. Collected out of some of the select Poems of the Incomparable Mr. *Cowley* and Others. And Composed by *H. Bowman* Philomusicus. Engraved upon 85 Copper Plates. the 2d. Edition corrected & Amended by the Author. 1679.

A Letter of all the Lay Nobility of England to the Pope, 1300. Then denying his Supremacy in things Temporal in the Kings Dominions, in Latin, with the same in English, and All the said Nobilities Names with their Coats of Armes (being 104.) Engraved on a large Copper Plate, to which is adjoynd a brief account of the Popes Pretences to the Crown of England, and an Answer therunto. With a Dedication of All to the present Nobility. Printed on two broad sheets of Royall Paper. 1679.

IN QUARTO.

A Collection of several Replies and Vindications of the Church of England, by *H. Hammond*. D. D. in 4. Vol. The hurt of Sedition, or the true Subject to the Rebel; by Sir *John Cheek* with a Preface of *D. Langbaine*.

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ure of the Atmospheres of consistent Bodies. 1669.

Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Numb.

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*Nehemiah*, or the Excellent Governour. A Sermon

Preached at *Dublin*. Aug. 69. before the Right Hon.

*Thomas*, Earl of *Ossory*, when Lord Deputy of *Ireland*,

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by *Jo. Parry, D.D.* and Dean of the Holy Trinity in  
*Dublin*, 1670.

A Sermon Preached at a Visitation at *Grantham* in the  
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*Mat. 15. 9.* by the Right Reverend Father in God,  
*Robert Sanderson*. late Lord Bishop of That Diocels,  
in Folio and Quarto. 1671.

Two Patterns of Goodnesse and Charity; one of *Job* in  
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Widow of *Sarepta* in the Extremity of her Poverty,  
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A Censure upon certain Passages contained in the History  
of the Royal Sociey, as being destructive to the  
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*Henry Stubbs*, Plisitian in *Warwick*, the second Edi-  
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His Reply's to *Glanvill, More, &c.* 1671.

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A Sermon Preached in Lent Assizes at *Alesbury*, Mar. 8  
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Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty.

The Artick Antiquities in 7. Books, the 3 first by *Fra.*  
*Rous*, the 4 last by *Z. B.igan*. The 1<sup>st</sup> Ed 1675.

A Sermon of the Credibility of the Misteries of the  
Christian Religion. With an Appendix to the same  
by *Tho. Smith* Fellow of *S. Mary Magd. Coll.*

*Joan Buridani Quaestiones in octo Libros Politicorum*  
*Aristotelis.*

*Porta Mosi, sive Dissertationes aliquot R. Mosi, Mai-*  
*monidis, nunc primum Arabice prout ab ipso Authore*  
*conscripta sunt, & Latine eadem una cum Appen-*  
*dice Notarum Miscellan. Opera & studio E. Pocockii*  
*Linz, Hebr. & Arab. in Acad. Oxon. Professori.*

*Historia.*

*Historia Dynastiæ Arabicæ*, Autore Gregorio Abul  
Pharagio. Edit. Interpret. & continuat. per Ed. Po-  
cock, L. Hebr. & Arab. Profes.

*Idea Trigonometricæ Demonstrata Item de Cometis, &  
Inquisitio in Bullialdi Astronomia Philolaica Fun-  
damenta*, Autore Serho Ward. nunc Episc. Salisb.  
*Savili Oratio Coram Eliz. Regina.*

*Academia Oxoniens. Notitia.* Edit. 2d. 1675.

*Dissertationes quatuor Quibus Episcopatus jura, &c.  
Contra sententiam D. Blondell & Aliorum*, auth. H.  
Hammond, S. Theolog. D.

*Oxonium. Poema.* per F. Vernon, Ex. *Æde Christi.*

*De anima Brutorum quæ hominis vitalis est, exerci-  
tationibus duæ.* Autore Tho. Willis. M. D. & Pro-  
fessor Sedlajano. 1673.

*The Ends of Christian Religion Justified in 10. Ser-  
mons*, by Ro. Sharrock. L. L. D. 1673.

*Moxon of the Globes Cælestial and Terrestrial.* The 3d  
Edition. 1674.

*Pharmaceutice rationalis, sive distribu de Medica-  
mentorum operationibus in Corpore humano pars 1a, &  
2d. 2o. vol. 4o.* Autore Tho. Willis. D. M. 1674. & 75.

*De Causis Remediisque Dissidiorum, Quæ orbem Chri-  
stianum hodiè affligunt, exercitatio Theologica.* Au-  
thore Tho. Smith. S. T. B. & Col. B. Mar. Mag.  
Oxon: Socio. 1675.

*Examen Censuræ sive Responsio ad quasdam Animad-  
versiones Ante hac ineditas, in Librum cui Titulus  
Harmonia Apostolica &c. per Geor. Bullum Angli-  
canæ Eccl. Presbyterum Accessit Apologie pro Har-  
monia ejusque Autore contra Declamationem Tho-  
mæ Tullii. S. T. P. in libro nuper Typis divulgata  
quem justificatio Paulina, &c. Inscripsit per eun-  
dem.* 1676.



## IN OCTAVO.

**D**R *Hammond's* Practical Catechism, with the Reasonableness of Christian Religion.

A View of the Threats and punishments recorded in the Scriptures, Alphabetically composed with some Observations upon several Texts, by *Zachary Bogan* of C.C.C. in *Oxon.*

— The Mirth of a Christian life, and the sorrows of a wicked Life, by the same Author.

*Fides Apostolica*, or A Discourse asserting the received Authors and Authority of the Apostles Creed: together with the grounds and ends of Composing thereof by the Apostles, the sufficiency thereof for the Rule of Faith &c. by *George Ashwell*.

— *Gestus Eucharisticus*, a Discourse concerning the Gesture at the receiveing of the Lords Supper.

A Treatise of the preservation of the Eye-sight, by *Dr. Bailey*.

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Essays and Observations on the Humours of the Age, Discovered and Characterized, by *W. Masters*. A. M. late Fellow of *Merton College*.

*Ords* Invective against *Ihu*, translated into English Verse, by *J. Foner* School-Master in *Hereford*, 2d Ed.

A plain and profitable Catechism, with a Sermon on *Ex. 23. 7.* by *Mr. James Bacon*, published by *Dr. Henry Wilkinson*.

A Divine Theater, or a Stage for Christians, a Sermon at C.C. in *Oxford* by *John Wall*, D.D.

*Sheapheard* of Sincerity and Hypocrisie; with a Tract annexed, to prove that true Grace doth not lie so much in the Degree, as in the Nature of it.

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**The Origine of Forms and Qualities** (according to the Corpuscular Philosophy) Illustrated by Considerations and Experiments, by the Hon. *Robert Boyle* Esq; Fellow of the Royal Society, 1671. the 2d Edition.

**Hydrostatical Paradoxes**, made out by new Experiments (For the most part Physical and Easie,) 1666.

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**Cosmical Suspitions**

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**Tracts of the saltness of the Sea, Of a staticall Hi-**

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**Bodies. Of the positive Nature of Cold &c. 1674 Ex-**

**periments &c.**

*Whitby's*

*Whitby's Answer to sure footing, and Fiat Lux. 166.*

*Holland of taking the height of a Comer.*

*The City March, and Amorous War, two Plays by J. M. of Ch. Ch. Oxen.*

*The Devil of Mascon, or a true Relation of the chief thing an unclean Spirit did, and said at Mascon in Burgundy, in the house of Mr. Er. Precand, Minister of the Reformed Church there. Published in French by the said Minister, and made English by one that hath a particular knowledge of the Truth of this Story; the fifth Edition. 1679.*

*The History of the Propagation and Improvement of Vegetables by the Concurrence of Art & Nature, &c. written according to Observations made from Experience and Practice the second Edit. much Enlarged by Ro. Sharrock late Fellow of New Col'. 1672.*

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*Animadversions upon Sr. R. Bakers Chronicle, and his Continuation wherein many Errors discover'd and some Truths advanc'd by T. Blunt. Esq; 1672.*

*De Confirmatione, sive Benedictione, post Baptismum solenni, &c. Authore H. Hammond. S. I. D.*

*Ailmeri Muse Sacra seu Jonas, Jeremix Ibreni & Daniel Græco reddite carmine.*

*Ad Grammaticam ordinariam supplementa quedam, Editio 3 multis auctior. à Guil. Phalerio.*

*Contemplationes Metaphysicae ex Natura Rerum & recte Rationis lumine deductæ. Auth. G. Ritschel, Bohemio.*

*Delphi Phœnicizantes per Edm. Dickinson, M.D. Coll. Mer. Socio.*

*Artis Logice Compendium a Roberto Sanderson, olim Epif.*

Epis Lincoln Edit. Oſta. 1672.

— *Compendium Phyſicæ*. 1671.

*Exercitatio Epiſtolica in Tho. Hobii Philoſophiam*.

*Auth. Seth. ward. S. T. P.*

— *Aſtronomia Geometrica*. Ubi Methodus proponitur  
qua primariorum Planetarum Aſtronomia ſive El-  
liptica Circularis poſſit Geometrice abſolvi.

*Carmen Tograi Poetæ Arabi Doctiſſimi, una cum Verſi-  
one Latina & Notis Præcin illius exhibentibus. Opera  
Ed. Pocokii L. Heb. & Arab. Profeſſoris. Accessit Tra-  
ctatus de Proſodia Arabica, per Sam. Clericum. 1661.*

*Juelli Apologia Eccleſia Angl. Græc. Lat.*

*Sharrock de Officiis ſeu de Moribus.*

— *De Incontinentia.*

*Analysis Libri Ariſtotelis de Sophiſtic. Elenchi Opera  
& ſtudio G Powel. 1664.*

HOMERUS ἙΡΒΑΙΖΩΝ. ſive Comparatio Homeri  
cum Scripto-ribus Sacris quoad Norman loquendi  
Subiect. HESIODUS ΟΜΗΡΙΖΩΝ. *Auth Zach.  
Bogah, & G. G. G. Oxon.*

*Pueriles Confabulariunculæ, Græco-Latine. Ad calcem  
aſſectus eſt Index Græcus & Latinus in quibus omnia  
fere Gr. & Lat. Vocabula que in opere occurrunt,  
comprehenduntur. Authore W. Jackson.*

*Diaconi Epitome Ariſtot. Logicam. Gr. Lat.*

*Schibleri Compend. Philoſ. Edit. Nova 1671.*

*Alcioni in Platon. de Philoſ. G. L.*

*Nemeſius Natura Hominiſ. Gr. Lat. 1671.*

*Antiquitates potiſſimum Romanæ & Roſino aliisque in  
Compendium Contraſta, & juxta Ordinem Alphabeti  
diſpoſitæ BONO JUV. TUTIS: Opera & ſtudio  
Frid. Hildebrandi. Edit. Tertia auctior & Correctior.*

*Epistoła Quædam, quarum duæ de Moribus ac Inſtitutis  
Turcarum agunt. Duæ Septem Asiæ Eccleſiarum &  
Conſtantiнопoleos Notitiam Continent. Auth. Tho.  
Smijch Coll. D. Maria Magd. Oxon. Socio. 1674.*

Bleſu

*Bleau de Globis.*

*Carpentieri Decadis Philosophia Libera Edit. quarta*  
1675.

*C. Suetonii Tranqu. Opera Omnia. Notis illustrata. &*  
*Theatro.* 1676.

*De Unitate Ecclesie Britannicæ Meditationes Sacrae.*  
*Auctore J. Seobaldi Fabricii. Theol. Doctoris, Pro-*  
*fessoris Heidelbergensis, Com. Pal.* 1676.

*A View of the Civile and Ecclesiastical Law: by Sr.*  
*Thomas Ridley Knight, with the Notes of J. Grego-*  
*ry late of Chr. Ch. Oxon. the 4th Edition.*

*Experiments, Notes &c. about the Origine of particu-*  
*lar Qualities of Alkali and Acidum &c. by the Hon.*  
*Rob. Boyle, Esq;* 1676.

*Animadversiones in Liber Novi Testamenti jam Tertis*  
*curâ aucta & emendata. Auctore. D. Norton*  
*Knaitchull Esq; & Baron.* 1677.

*Herodiani Historiarum libri. 8. glat. Recogniti & Notis*  
*Illustrati. & Theatro.* 1678.

*Notitia Historicorum selectorum, or Animadversions*  
*on the Ancient and Famous Greek and Latin Hi-*  
*storians, Englished with some Additions, by W. Da-*  
*venant, of Magd. Hall. Oxon.* 1678.

*Pharmaceutice Rationalis, sive Distributio de Medica-*  
*mentorum Operationibus in Humano Corpore. part*  
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*Sermons Preached upon Several Occasions by Robert*  
*Soub. D. D. Prebend of Chr. Ch. Oxon.* 1679.

*Decree of Pope Innocent the 11th. concerning the*  
*suppression of an Office of the Immaculate Concep-*  
*tion of the most Holy Virgin, And of a Multitude*  
*of Indulgences. According to the Copies at Rome:*  
*from the Printing-Press of the most Reverend Apo-*  
*stolick Chamber. Translated into English out of the*  
*French Copy; (to which the Latin was adjoyn'd,*  
*as also here it is) by the direction of an Eminent*  
*Person of Hon.* 1679.

IN

## IN DUODECIMO.

**A** Christian Legacy, or preparations for, and Consolations against Death; with sick Mans Cordial, by *Edw Hyde, D.D.*

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A short Review of some Directions for performance of Cathedral Service, by *Ed. Lowe.* the 2d Edition, with additions. 1664.

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——— *Cogitationes de S. Scripti Stylo.* 1665.

*Traſtatus Novem de Qualitatibus Rerum Cosmiciſ de ſuſpicionibus Cosmiciſ &c.*

*Cementis Epistolæ G. A.* 1669.

*Theses Philosoph. Novæ* A *Carole Potter.*

*Adinus*

*Aditus ad Logicam, Authore Samuele Smith.*

*Elementa Logica, Authore Edwardo Broerewood.*

*Robert Baronii Philosoph. Theoloz. Ancillans;*

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*Prolusiones Academicae in duas partes distributae, 1. de*

*Judiciis. 2. de Origine Domini & servitutis, &c. Tho.*

*Jones L. L. D. & Coll. Merit. Soc.*

*Burgesiacii Idea Philosophia.*

*Institut. Metaphysica. 1675.*

*Bradshaw de Justificatione.*

*Ibendoorni Cursus Logicus.*

*Combacii Metaphysica.*

*Minutius Felix cum Notis Rigaltii, &c. 1678.*

*Galateus de Moribus & Bartholini Euchiridion Esti.*

*cum. 1. 1672.*

*Q. Curtius Notis Loccenii. 1672.*

*Pembli Tractatus Tres De Formarum Origine. de sen-*

*sibus Internis, &c. 1669.*

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*Richardi Gardiner Herefordensis, Aedis Christi Ox-*

*on: Canonice, Specimen Oratorium cum Supplemen-*

*to Novissimo. Eulio quinta. 1675.*

*The Gentile Sinner, or Englands Brave Gentleman*

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